

THE CRAFTSMAN

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THE FOREIGN ASPECT OF MURAL PAINTING. BY WILLIAM LAUREL HARRIS

ALTHOUGH the conditions of mural painting abroad are bad, yet mural painting is not the novelty upon the Continent that it is among ourselves. So we can profitably study the general aspect of modern municipal decoration in foreign countries, tracing conditions back to their causes. In this way we can arrive at conclusions which will aid municipal art in America.

All the great buildings of India, Asia Minor, Egypt and Greece were covered with paintings, both on the interior and upon the exterior. The classic buildings, known as Doric, Ionic and Corinthian, were all painted. And the Etruscan monuments were splendid in the richness of their color. It appears to have been in Imperial Rome that white marble buildings were first erected. But, even in Rome, when plaster was used in the construction, it was always painted.

The nations living in the northern and western portions of Europe have, up to modern times, always employed gold and color with a magnificence which will never be surpassed. Yet mural painting, in spite of its long and interesting history, is, at present, in a very unfortunate state.

Many modern artists rail at the times and at modern conditions. Certainly, all artists would welcome conditions less sordid and

standards of success less mercenary. The honorarium for mural painters is both meagre and precarious. I will mention a few notable examples of this among the great artists of Europe. Hippolyte Flan-drin produced all his great decorations at a financial loss. Paul Baudry practised the strictest economy, and yet he did not make his expenses, while painting his masterpieces in the Opera at Paris. Puvis de Chavannes said that the returns from his decorations, up to the last years of his life, had never equaled the unavoidable expenses connected with doing good work.

It is well to call attention to these instances of self-sacrifice. It shows how the great artists of Europe are not mercenary, although they are often hampered by the lack of money.

In speaking of the difficulties besetting the career of a young decorator, Gérôme once said to me: "C'est le sacré argent qui empêche tout."

Living in Paris, or in any other great art center, one sees many men of great distinction making mean little economies and sometimes going without proper food for the sake of art. When these artists embraced art, they embraced poverty. Men who are not firmly wedded to their art can of course, from time to time, sell their talents to business concerns and make money.

I suppose it was reflections like these which once made Whistler exclaim: "Evil days have fallen upon our great mistress, art. She wanders in the market places to be chucked under the chin by the passing



"The antique world" (mural painting in Museum at Breslau, Silesia); Hermann Prell

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The Muse Euterpe: Paul Baudry

gallant and to be enticed into the home of the householder."

Of course, there are artists in Europe who make a certain amount of money, but the money thus made is almost accidental and has little to do with their artistic talent.

I have drawn this dismal and discouraging picture of conditions in Europe, because many people wonder that modern buildings are often so lacking in charm and often are downright ugly. The answer is that no adequate reward is offered to the men who might make our public buildings beautiful. They often live in penury while the builders and politicians grow wealthy.

Many people place the blame on the architects. Others talk about social conditions and popular ideals. But really to understand what is going on in Europe, and

the present state of mural painting, we must study the history of municipal decoration. In the words of Solomon: "The thing that has been is that which shall be, and that which seems new, it hath already been of old time." So, when people talk of a new movement toward the recognition of decorative art, and talk of a more intimate relation between architecture and painting, our thoughts turn naturally toward antiquity.

The farther we penetrate through the so-called "Dark Ages," the more clearly do we see the intimate relation that existed between architecture and the allied arts; between art and the people.



Preliminary sketch for mural painting: Paul Baudry

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War (Museum of Amiens): Puvis de Chavannes

During the periods called Romanesque and Gothic, paintings were never separated from architecture. The easel picture, as we know it, did not then exist. The pictures and ornamentation were parts of the building itself.

At the time when our civilization began to establish itself upon the ruins of the Roman Empire, most of the public buildings had a somewhat religious aspect. In Giotto's time and even later, artists were chiefly employed in church decoration, and the best craftsmen lived in the shadow of great monasteries. From time to time, these same men decorated civic buildings. And the long line of craftsmen, artists and artisans, who lived and died in the monasteries of Europe, have left us decorations

which are unsurpassed in richness of color and in solemn splendor of design. The achievements of these mural painters are landmarks in the history of art.

Past achievements in municipal art show us the impulses which have guided humanity, and indicate the rise and fall of artistic ideals.

When heroism has fired the people with noble zeal, then artists have arisen who painted upon the walls of public buildings the glories and ideals of their time. The walls, the piers, the very supports of the roof blossomed, as it were, with the inspiration of noble and patriotic thoughts.

The subject of mural painting is far reaching, and its history is bound up with the rise and fall of empires. For while there

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have been periods when mural painters have recorded great deeds and lofty aspirations, there have been other times when they have depicted quite the reverse.

Mural painting has unconsciously acted as a gauge by which we are able to judge the moral and intellectual standards of different periods. There have been periods of bad art, as we all know.

These same periods are known to historians as times when riots and rumors of wars afflicted the state; when there were rebellions on every hand, and when, even in peace, the cities were filled with tumults. To the sociologist these periods of bad art are known as periods when discontent was rife among a miserable people.

Deprived of the moral stimulus of art, the poor people were filled with envy of the vulgar rich. The exact spirit of the time is always reflected by the craftsmanship displayed in painting.

During periods when there was a real nobility of purpose there was apparent also a real devotion to craftsmanship. No exertion was too great when it was made for a worthy object. But in corrupt times, the craftsmanship was also corrupt. And for the most part, pictures painted with unworthy objects perish through defects of workmanship. A good example of this is to be found in stained glass; windows made during the twelfth century are, to-day, in a better state of preservation than

windows dating only from the late Renaissance. If space permitted me to do so, I should include in this account of mural painting a few words at least on the stained glass of France and Germany. For in Gothic architecture, the chief decorative features are necessarily in the window spaces.

The noble paintings done in the public buildings of Italy by Giotto, Orcagna, Simone d' Martini and others, find counterparts, as far as artistic merit is concerned, in the stained glass windows by Clément of Chartres, Robert of Chartres, and other artists of France and Germany.

The more carefully we examine the history of art, the better are we able to comprehend the present aspect of painting in Eu-



St. Francis of Assisi before the Sultan: Giotto di Bondone (1276-1337)

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Saints Clara and Elizabeth: Simone Martini 1293-1344

rope. For the decoration of public buildings is a public matter, and the builders have always responded to the desires, the ambitions, yes, even the whims, of the great public.

It is this response to the wish of the people which has created what we call style. So that one age is distinguished from another by the forms of art the people are willing to pay for: in this way the Romanesque appeared in art, also, the Gothic and all succeeding styles and variations of style.

When people were chiefly interested in strength and solidity, the builders provided that their buildings were solid and substan-

tial. When people were overmuch given to mysticism and were inspired by religious aspirations, the buildings rose heavenward until finally they seemed to defy the very laws of gravity.

Then mysticism began to fall into disrepute, its devotees having overstepped safe and trustworthy limits of possibility. At the same moment, the builders found that, in their buildings, they had overstepped the limits of safe construction, and many lofty structures came tumbling down upon the bewildered populace. These disasters covered the builders with shame and marked the decline of Gothic art.

Then came that great revulsion of feeling when everybody fell back on the forms and traditions of pagan antiquity. And thus began the classic revival of the Renaissance. But pure classic art was too cold and uninteresting for the opulent days of the late Renaissance. Then it was that a sort of classic building appeared, daubed and plastered with meaningless ornamentation. In this way, was created a new style called Rococo. This new style was chiefly remarkable for its singular vulgarity and barefaced sham. It was all a part of the corrupt civilization that flourished gaily, until the common people found out that they were being tricked and deceived. Then revolts and tumults racked the nations of Europe to their very

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foundations. But some time before this final catastrophe, painting and architecture parted company. These two arts which, for centuries, had been almost as one art, became discordant.

Up to the time of the Renaissance, the architect and painter were brothers, so to speak, and worked hand in hand. Art schools did not then exist. Each man was trained by painting upon real decorations under the direct supervision of a master painter. So each man was first of all a craftsman.

During the periods called Romanesque and Gothic, and even in the early Renaissance, this spirit of craftsmanship was very apparent.

It is well exemplified in the work of artists like Pietro Perugino, Bernardino Pinturicchio and Correggio.

As long as the artists were educated in practical work, it is evident that the matter of craftsmanship could not be overlooked, and all the traditions of mural painting were carefully observed.

But when art schools began to replace the more practical form of education, decorative art decayed. This was the time when students began to draw from Greek and Roman statues, dug up by antiquarians and placed amid conditions quite different from those for which they were originally designed. Michelangelo, we learn, drew from statues in the gardens of the Medici.

This Florentine art school must have been quite like a

modern art school, for one of the older pupils broke Michelangelo's nose just because he did not like him.

All, of course, are familiar with the wonderful paintings by the great artist just mentioned, which exist in the Sistine Chapel. And we see very well what a splendid craftsman this great artist was. But we can also detect the beginning of the end in mural painting. For the successors of Michelangelo were reckless painters like the Carracci. And who were the successors of the Carracci?

In two generations almost all the good traditions of municipal decoration were lost. All that was left in the place of time-honored traditions was a certain academic flourish. The hulking giants and theatrical compositions left us by painters of the late Renaissance are now for the most part blistered daubs. From the point of view of craftsmanship, they form a singular contrast to the beautifully executed paintings by pre-Raphaelite artists. Since the time of Raphael, the painters and builders have,



Allegory of strength and moderation: Il Perugino (1446-1524)

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The betrothal of Frederick III.: Bernardino Pinturicchio (1454-1513)

each in his own way, endeavored to dig deeper and deeper the gulf which separates the architect from the artist. And now, if it chance that the builder and the painter try to work together, they find that they no longer understand each other.

I cannot here give a long account of how modern architects design what they call an "architectonic entity." It is sufficient to say that there is no place left for mural painting. The painters to-day blame the architects for not arranging good places for pictures. The architects, on their side, believe that painters ruin buildings whenever they paint them.

Now and then in Europe, when a single painter has had a building entirely at his disposal, very beautiful results have been obtained. But in general, artists do as they have done in the Hôtel de Ville in Paris. There, instead of the thoughtful and reasonable craftsmanship of the early painters, we see a bizarre collection of unbalanced compositions. Often, these compositions continue from one panel to another regardless of architectural forms.

In fact, the painters have considered the walls as canvases spread out for their pleas-



The law: A. P. Agache

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ure. They have murmured a little at the lighting, etc., as being less satisfactory than the lighting in their own studios. And so, while painting on walls, they have still remained easel-picture painters.

While many of these easel pictures when applied to walls look garish and out of place, there are others which show a serious effort to conquer difficulties. Such paintings often have very solid picture-making qualities and display superb academic training. A good expounder of academic principles is that very eminent instructor and picture painter, Jean Paul Laurens.

But the unfortunate thing is that the academic artist always gains more medals and has more public recognition than that rare person, the trained mural painter. France had such a mural painter in P. V. Galland, but the recognition he received was in no way equal to his artistic talent.

The prevailing conditions are to be regretted, as they tend to discourage young men from devoting themselves to the decorative side of art. And the knowledge and experience necessary properly to decorate municipal buildings, cannot be gained in a short time.

This truth is being emphasized in our own day. In England, for instance, artists like Burne-Jones have marked an epoch by the attention which they have given to craftsmanship. In Burne-Jones we have the type of man who is, by nature, a reformer in art, and who never tried to be any-

thing else. But, in France, that center of academic training, there is often found quite another sort of craftsman. I refer to men who have not only studied in the Academy, but who have excelled in academic work. And then, in the height of success and artistic power, they have decided that the most important side of art has been neglected. At the age of thirty-five or forty, they have turned their attention to craftsmanship and to the formulas of pre-Raphaelite painters.



Saints suffering martyrdom (Parma gallery): Correggio (1494-1534)

The unexpected and often eccentric productions of these artists have frequently astonished the artistic world. Many of these artists, like Besnard, are "Prix de Rome" men, although they have now become leaders of this modern revolt against academic art.

All over Europe, this same revolt is going on. Each art center has its group of secessionists, trying for something, although many hardly know what that something is.

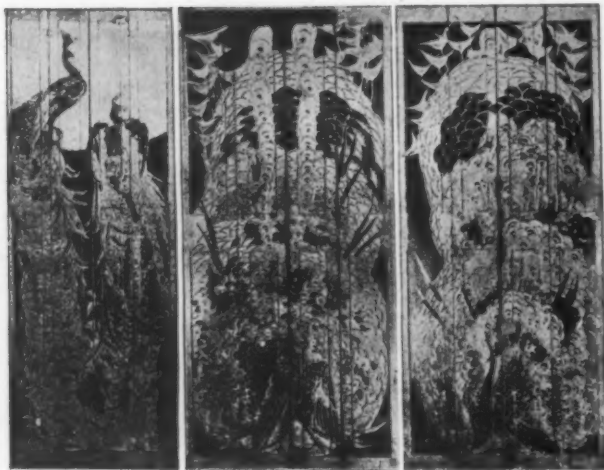


The Prophet Isaiah (Sistine Chapel); Michelangelo (1475-1564)



Delphic Sibyl (Sistine Chapel): Michelangelo (1475-1564)

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The shutters in Mr. Whistler's "Peacock Room" (House of Mr. F. R. Leyland)

Great literary men, like Tolstoi, try to help matters on by defining what art really is or should be.—In the meantime, there is a great deal of talk as to the merits of this or that *procédé*, and there is an increasing interest in the applied arts.

Many of the most violent "impressionists," such men as Auquentaïn and others of the extreme revolutionary party in art, are now strong advocates of the ancient traditions of craftsmanship.

Of course, all innovation in, or deflection from, the established methods in the art schools is met with a storm of abuse from professional teachers. And each year, in the Salons, these teachers gather in a sordid band and vote for the work of their faithful pupils, to the exclusion of such work as they consider less orthodox. They speak with

the greatest contempt of the prevailing tendency toward new ideas.

All work which is unlike their own they condemn. "Such painting," they say, "is the small-pox and the scarlet fever in art." This is as near as I can come to translating a common and very forcible expression used by the older artists to describe the work of the younger generation.

But modern mural painting in Europe has little to fear from its enemies, strengthened though they may be by government patronage, by subsidized schools, by elaborate systems of medals and rewards, and, in Germany even, by the hand of the Emperor. The real danger to true art lies in the commercial affiliations of the artist. It is impossible to serve art and commerce. On the one hand, the excellence of the painting is the only consideration. On the other,



The Park (cartoon for tapestry): E. Aman-Jean

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cheapness of execution is the main idea.

The solution of this problem is in the hands of the public. As long as the people are content with a cheap imitation, there is little hope for real art, and there will be few great municipal decorations. The blame

own way to produce great works of art. From time to time, these men arrive at great distinction.

If space permitted me, I should like to give an account of the beautiful works of art which have been produced in our own time. And I should like to tell of the personal characteristics of each artist, in order to show more clearly the unselfish struggle which they have made. But I will close this short account of the foreign aspect of painting with one notable example of the danger of commercial affiliations.

I will take for my example that Gothic revival of which Ruskin wrote. There was, in the time when Ruskin began to teach, an awakening interest in craftsmanship and individual talents. It was a revulsion of feeling against perfunctory art and manufactured articles in general. With this interest in craftsmanship came an interest in the period before the Renaissance, when Gothic artists worked so wonderfully well, and when their different guilds were powerful. For a while, it seemed that the Gothic revival and the pre-Raphaelite movement might lead to great things.

But unfortunately, manufacturers of paintings and interior decorations took the matter up. They found cheap ways of doing things; and, goaded by competition, these men became confused in a profusion of



Decorative panel, "Science": Urbain Bourgeois

cannot be fixed upon the politician, because the politician is but a creature of the popular vote and represents his constituents.

But there are many noble painters in various parts of Europe each trying in his

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Gothic detail. Gathering fragments of paintings from here and there, energetic business men applied them to architecture. They applied all these details haphazard: that which was originally designed to go down low was put up high, and that which was designed for a round surface, was put on a plane, and so on. All this was done at reduced rates for large orders. Of course, the quality of the work began to deteriorate. Finally, the cry went up from the public that the effect of this sort of painting was not beautiful. Then appeared the literary hack who lived on the crumbs which fell from the manufacturers' table. This person demonstrated to the public that the manufacturer had consulted all the authorities on Gothic art.

The public then relapsed into its original belief that the masters of antiquity were barbarians. This was the culmination of our modern Gothic revival. It will be the culmination of any new movement or revival, as long as the public shall accept a cheap imitation for the real thing.

Whenever artists seek to return to the sound traditions of antiquity, business men profit by the interest aroused, and exploit the idea for pecuniary gain. Noble ideas are thus thrown into disrepute. This has happened again and again in Europe, and will continue to happen as long as the public shall allow present conditions to continue.

The lethargy of the public and its inability to distinguish between real and imitation art, is the chief menace seen in the foreign aspect of mural painting. And this lethargy can only be overcome by publicity such as *The Craftsman* and other art publications can give. Very little can be expected from the regular newspaper and

magazines, because, through advertisements, these publications are all subsidized by commercial firms.

THE THEME IN ITS RELATION TO TIME AND PLACE

A PRIME consideration in estimating a work of art is that of appropriateness to occasion. This applies with particular force to a work of decorative character. An easel picture or a piece of sculpture, created solely with reference to itself,—that is, simply to express the idea that the artist had in mind when he wrought it,—is to be judged solely by itself. Should it not be in keeping with its environment it may be removed to surroundings that agree with it. But a decorative work must take shape with reference to its environment. By its very nature it is a part of that which lies about it and into which it enters as an element. Its function is not only to adorn, but to interpret, to elucidate, and therewith to complete as foliage and efflorescence complete a tree. For this reason decorative art, in its higher aspects, is the greatest form of depictive art. By its unification with its environment it has not alone the individual character conferred by its own attributes. Its own character is amplified and enriched by the nature of that to which it belongs and which correspondingly belongs to it. While it is subordinate in lending itself to the embellishment of something greater than itself, it is likewise exaltative in enhancing the quality of the greater work. The quality of the latter enters into the decorative work, informing it with attributes beyond itself.

—*Sylester Baxter in the Legend of the Holy Grail.*

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THE SPANISH MISSIONS OF THE SOUTHWEST, NUMBER IX. THE FURNITURE AND OTHER WOODWORK. BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

WITHIN the past few years, the term "Mission Furniture" has become current. But it has been accepted too freely, and without having been subjected to proper investigation. The name is clearly unjustified, since the Spanish Fathers who established the California Missions, failed to create a style of furniture as distinctive as their architecture. The latter even, as we have already seen, was adapted, rather than original. Brought, as to its structural features, from a country whose conformation and climate are not dissimilar from those of the region into which it was introduced by the Missionaries, it pleases the eye and satisfies the material necessities resulting from natural conditions. It is an architecture fitted to a background of serrated mountains and an atmosphere suffused with light. The Mission buildings thus appear to be part and parcel of the landscape which they accentuate. They are, furthermore, eloquent to the student of art and history, who discovers in them elements drawn not alone from Spain, but also from the Spanish Netherlands. Simple and oftentimes crude, they are yet from several points of view, important and interesting. They were erected by their founders to the glory of God. They therefore displayed the best thought and work of those who designed and built them, as has always been the case in all periods and countries where the Catholic faith has prevailed. For the spirit which

burned in the cathedral builders of the Middle Ages, although degenerate, lived still in the breast of Serra and his successors. For them, to some degree, the church was what it had been supremely to the architects of the thirteenth century. It was charged with both religious and aesthetic impression. Beside being a place devoted to the sacraments, confession, penance and personal prayer, it was also a school, a museum, a center of civilization. By right and necessity therefore, it was adorned to the highest degree, becoming thus the repository of communal and private wealth. Traditions and impulse alike tended toward its embellishment, and the conditions so long existent in the Old World were easily extended to the New. The Franciscans of California, in creating the "Mission Style" of architecture, acted in the double capacity of religionists and Spaniards. They wrought better than they themselves realized, in fidelity to the memory of the Mother Church and the Mother Country. Their impulse and their capacity concurred, and the result, by natural law, was successful.

But with the building of the Mission churches the artistic capacity of the Franciscans reached its limit. This result was also inevitable. The Mission Houses were the property of one of the two great brotherhoods founded early in the thirteenth century in the effort to preserve the religious unity of the world. Everything tending to assure the life, to strengthen the power of the fraternity was to be undertaken without fear and executed at all risks. As a consequence, the claims of the individual were reduced to nothing, or rather absorbed in the general scheme. The vow of the Franciscan involved personal poverty, chastity and obe-



Figure 1. Mission Bench, Los Angeles, California

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Figure II Mission Bench. Santa Barbara

dience. Daily he was reminded of his vow by the scourging of the three knots of his rope girdle, and constantly he found the results of his solemn promises in the most frugal of fare, hard labor, and the absolute bareness of his cell.

From these facts, which must be accepted by all who will give themselves time to reason, it is clear that everything which approached the idea of individual belongings, ease or luxury, was strictly eliminated from the life of the California Missionaries, as fatal to the interests of their Order. They provided their cells, their refectories, their chapels with such movables only as served their strictest necessities. To have done otherwise would have been to attack the

foundations of their brotherhood, to have provided for the comfort of their bodies which they were taught to abase and mortify. It was as impossible as it was unsought on their part for them to create any types whatsoever of domestic art. Their movables were collected by chance, or, when made by them, were constructed upon primitive models. Their chairs, tables and benches were such as fell into their possession, or else were fashioned from such upright and horizontal timbers as might have been used by the first cabinet maker.

Thus, obedient to their conception of the religious life; furthermore, not possessing a racial art-instinct like certain other divisions of the Latin peoples, these Spanish monks

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accepted whatever material objects were most easily obtainable and held themselves aloof from their influence. It can not be too much emphasized, that, regarding life as a mere passage, as a series of painful tests and proofs, they rejected upon principle whatever might attach them to it.

Therefore, from argument and equally from evidence existing in the objects themselves, it is apparent that there is no "Mis-



Figure III. Chair, preserved in relic room, Santa Clara

sion Style," except that which pertains to architecture. And as the latter has been illustrated in the present series by its most notable examples, so now the movable objects used or constructed by the Missionaries for domestic or ecclesiastical purposes are here shown in a representative collection. These objects may be divided into two classes, one of which comprises such things as were copied more or less accurately from typical originals, as they were remembered,

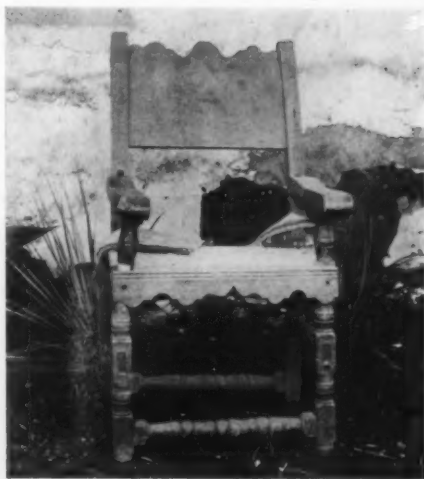


Figure IV. Chair in relic room, San Juan, Bautista

or else such as were brought from the Mother Country. These especially are the pulpits, confessionals, lecterns and candel-



Figure V. Chair preserved at Santa Barbara

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Figure VI. Chair at San Buenaventura

abra. It is proper to designate them as objects *found* in the Missions. The other class consists, for the most part, of objects for domestic use. They originated in the Missions, without however constituting a distinctive style, since they show nothing but the simplest provisions to meet bare necessities. They prove that no "Mission Style" of furniture ever existed, and place the term where it rightly belongs: that is, among those names which, first applied for commercial purposes, are generally accepted, in obedience to that love of mystery and romance which invades even the most prosaic lives. "Mission Furniture" is then a name to be classed with that of the "Savonarola chair"—a type which it would be better to call "fifteenth century," or "Renaissance," inasmuch as it had no peculiar connection with the Dominican monk, and was incidentally used by him. But his name attached to

the chair now seen in the old Florentine cell, possesses a magnet-like attraction for many who willingly endure the discomfort inevitable to the form and construction of the chair for the sake of the somewhat-fictional interest belonging to it. More attractive still, because connected with the history of our own continent, the "Mission furniture" is chosen by many to whom its simplicity would be distasteful, were it not adorned by the name of a generous and romantic cause. This name first given to a single piece, has gained a prominence unsuspected by the California cabinet-maker who is responsible for it. This workman, undoubtedly made thoughtful by observation among the Missions, produced a chair, large and very heavy, having four straight posts, three inches square, and a plain rush seat. The piece, sent to the East, was exhibited as an



Figure VII. Receptacle for ecclesiastical vessels, San Juan Bautista

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original, and, as prior to that time, little was known to the trade regarding the old religious foundations of the Southwest, the authenticity of the object could not be questioned. Following this introduction, a well-known manufacturer who quickly appreciated the possibilities of the style, designed in accordance with it a complete series of furniture which he extensively advertised under the new and captivating name, and with a success immediate and durable.

In order then to afford a basis of judgment between the types of the new style and the objects from which they received their name, the accompanying illustrations have been selected from those Missions of the entire southwestern chain which offer the best examples. And as already it has been said, the collection has been arranged with the direct purpose to show that the furnishings of these religious houses being indiscriminately gathered, can present no thor-



Figure IX. Entrance door. San Luis Obispo



Figure VIII. Kitchen dresser, made by Mission Indians, at Santa Barbara, before 1829; from drawing by A. F. Harmer

ough principles upon which to base a system of constructive art. In this collection there is included, it is believed, a specimen of every important variety, excepting the altar chairs at San Carlos, Monterey, and one chair formerly at San Diego: all of which, plainly of Oriental origin, were probably brought by one of the ships trading with the Philippines in the early days of Spanish supremacy.

The series of illustrations may well begin with the benches which are among the most direct models serving for the new Mission Style. Figure I. is a seat of this character preserved at Los Angeles. We observe in this a piece of good form, constructed of rough uprights and horizontals crudely put together by an unskilled joiner; the back-rest and the seat front board even suggesting the work of Indians. It is interesting to note that the priest sitting on this bench

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Figure X. Entrance door, San Miguel

is the Reverend Father Adam, widely known and greatly esteemed, whose departure for Spain, a few years since, was much regretted in California, where he had been one of the most zealous workers of the Catholic Church. Father Adam is here seen holding in his hand one of the old registers of the San Juan Capistrano Mission, bound in the soft leather peculiar to the conventual books of the period.

Figure II. is a simple and well-constructed piece, displaying on the front seat-board carvings which are not ungraceful. It exists in the relic-room at Santa Barbara, and the priest seated upon it is Father Ludwig Glauber, the present guardian of the Mission.

Figure III. shows a chair preserved at Santa Clara, which, according to tradition, dates from the early days. It is valuable as a proof, evidenced also in the mural decora-

tions, that all attempts made by the Mission Fathers at elaboration or ornament were signal failures, while their efforts in simple construction were almost invariably good and pleasing.

Figure IV., a dilapidated chair at San Juan Bautista, is of a type often seen in Spain. Although quite simple, the chair, as judged by its structure and lathe-work, proceeded from the hand of a well-skilled cabinet maker.

Figure V., from the relic-room at Santa Barbara, mingles the Dutch with the Spanish type: an occurrence not infrequent in art and handicraft work, owing to the close political and social connections once existing between the peoples of these two widely different races.

Figure VI., a chair at San Buenaventura, is built upon sound structural principles, although in a crude fashion. It is mortised



Figure XI. Confessional, San Buenaventura

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Figure XII. Pulpit, San Buenaventura

and tenoned, and there is an attempt at ornamentation in the front stretcher, the rounding of the arms, and the terminations of the posts.

Figure VII. is a cupboard at San Juan Bautista, still bearing the rude hinges of the early Mission forge, and carved with the utmost skill of the early Fathers; the work on this piece being much superior to that which is generally seen on similar pieces. The ornament is here significant of the use fulfilled by the cabinet, which is a receptacle for ecclesiastical vessels. The monstrance and the chalice appear surmounted by a design which may be a variant of the "Tree of Life," so frequently seen in old Italian, Spanish and Flemish wood-carvings; while the cockle-shell of the cornice is the symbol of Saint James the Elder, or Santiago, the traveler among the Apostles and the patron of Spain.

Figure VIII. is a kitchen dresser, the work

of the Indians at Santa Barbara, and dating from 1824. The drawing was made for the present article by the artist, Mr. A. F. Harmer, who is now the owner of the piece. Here, as in several preceding examples, discrepancy will be noted between the plain outlines and the childish carvings which, in this case, would be more appropriate to paper than to wood.

LEAVING now the furniture proper, let us pass on to examine other woodwork found in the Missions. The first specimen chosen is a door, and it may be observed that in producing work of this character the Mission Fathers kept within the limits of their capabilities: no delicate handling being required in order to attain satisfactory results. The entrance door at San Luis Obispo is shown in the illustration numbered IX. At this Mission the entire church has been "restored" out of all resem-

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Figure XIII. Pulpit, San Luis R y

blance to its original state. But fortunately, although the framework seen in this picture, is new, the door itself dates from the

days of the early Fathers. It has sustained the attack of time and weather better than most modern work will do, and some of its original hinges are still in use. It is ornamented by two rosette-like panels with terrace-beveled edges, fastened upon each of the two divisions; these being impaled with heavy spikes, the heads of which form star-like bosses, while other similar bosses are disposed symmetrically throughout the body of the door. Regarded as ornament, both panels and bosses are trivial, but, serving to strengthen the door, they are admissible as a constructive feature.

Figure X. is chosen from San Miguel. Here, also, the frame is new, the door only being original. This, as occurs elsewhere, is a device of a door within a door, the construction of which may be better understood by reference to the illustration than through an explanation in words. It may be noted that here some of the original hinges are still



Figure XIV. Interior of San Antonio de Padua

THE CRAFTSMAN

in use, being as firmly riveted as when first attached. Of these there are three pairs fully a foot in length, together with three smaller pairs for the use of the smaller doors.

The following illustration, Number XI., shows a confessional at San Buenaventura, which was brought from Spain through Mexico, or else was made in the latter country by a superior workman. Unfortunately, like the church in which it stands, it has been subjected to a "restoration" which has greatly marred its original character.

A pulpit now follows (Figure XII.), being the original construction still in use at San Juan Bautista. It is in no wise distinctive, and might be found in any Roman Catholic country, just as the reredos or the side altars might as well be located in France or in Lower Canada, for aught that is revealed in their structure. The pulpit, how-



Figure XV. Paschal candlestick, Santa Barbara

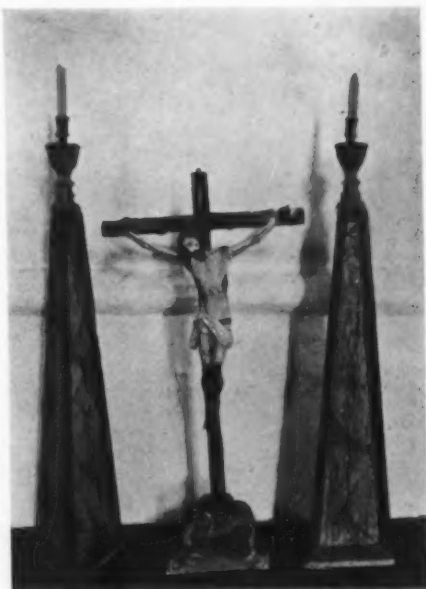


Figure XVI. Wooden candlesticks and crucifix, Santa Inés

ever, attains importance from the fact that from it, seventy-five years since, a devoted missionary, Father Arroyo, preached the gospel to the Indians in thirteen of their native dialects.

A second pulpit (Figure XIII.) shows a type commonly found in continental churches and calls for no special comment, except that the corbel with its conical sides harmonizes with the panels and base-molding of the box proper. This model, so frequently seen, loses nothing by familiarity, and is always grateful to the eye by reason of its symmetrical proportions.

Figure XIV. is a picture which no lover of the old Missions can look upon without being sensible of its pathos. It represents the interior of San Antonio, as it stood some twenty years ago, and when it is compared with the present state of the place, it awak-

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ens deep regret. A number of interesting features have disappeared. The wooden ceiling, the altar rails, the benches, the confessional, the pulpit have been taken away or destroyed by ruthless hands. Other objects of interest would have shared the same fate, had they not been seized and preserved by Mr. G. C. Dutton of Jolon, who, holding them in trust, has now arranged to deliver them to the Landmarks Club of San Francisco, which has undertaken to preserve what remains of the buildings at San Antonio.



Figure XVII. Music desk, San Juan Bautista

The following illustration (Figure XV.) is a Paschal candlestick now in use at Santa Barbara, showing the undisguised constructive lines which the new "Mission Style" takes as its basis. There appears, in Figure XVI., two other light holders, placed on either side of a large crucifix. The former are evidently of domestic make, but are pleasing by their obelisk-like outlines and the lamps at the apex, which accentuate the



Figure XVIII. Missal stand for altar use, Santa Clara

artistic idea. The crucifix is notable in having the feet of the suffering Christ crossed and pierced by a single nail. It once served on the high altar, and it shows over all its surface the assiduous work of "the worm, our busy brother."

Figure XVII. represents the music desk,



Figure XIX. Wooden processional cross, Santa Barbara

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or lectern, at San Juan Bautista, which once held the ponderous psalter-book, while the brothers stood about it chanting the service. The pages of the book were kept in place by small wooden pegs inserted into holes and the pegs were hung upon the desk by means of fine, braided catgut.

In the missal-stand for use on the high altar, shown in Figure XVIII., and contained in the relic-case at Santa Clara, we have an ingeniously constructed piece of



Figure XX. Holy water font, San Miguel

woodwork. It is formed of what appears to be two pieces of inch-board which open and shut without hinges. The two pieces of board are themselves hinged in the shoulder, so that the piece closes up tightly, or can be opened at the angle permitted. It was made from a two-inch board sawed down to the upper part of the shoulder from above, and up to the lower part of the shoulder from below. Five vertical cuts or slits were made in the shoulder for the hinges and



Figure XXI. Movable wooden belfry, Santa Barbara

then the curves of the shoulder itself, on both upper and lower sides, were cut with a sharp instrument. The result displays much inventive faculty, and the repetition of the device at several of the Missions proves that its merit was appreciated.

At Santa Barbara, there is preserved among the relics an old processional wooden cross, having the floriated terminals familiar in examples of the Holy Symbol dating

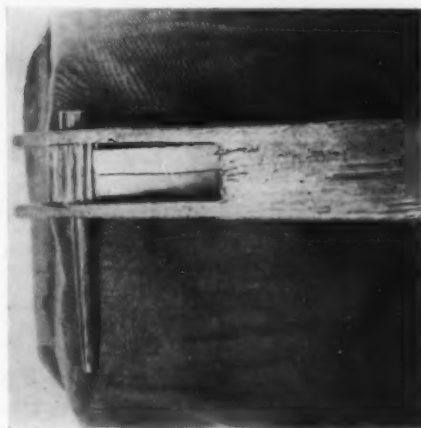


Figure XXII. Matraea or clapper, Santa Barbara

SPANISH MISSIONS



Figure XXIII. Carved top of the baptismal font, San Juan Capistrano

from the crusading period. This piece is shown in Figure XIX., while Figure XX

represents the old font for holy water, still in use, at the entrance to the Mission of San Miguel. This is made from the bole of a tree and is about three feet in height, fluted and fitted to contain a basin.

At San Juan Capistrano and Santa Barbara rude movable wooden belfries formerly served on occasions when it was not advisable to ring the larger bells. The one seen in Figure XXI. is now preserved in the relic room at Santa Barbara. It is a rude wheel of wood, to the circumference of which the bells are fastened; the whole revolving on an iron-pin, held in the sockets of the supporting posts and operated by an iron handle.

Figure XXII. pictures the *matraca* (clapper or rattle), used at the Mission from



Figure XXIV. Terminal of the Tabernacle, Santa Barbara

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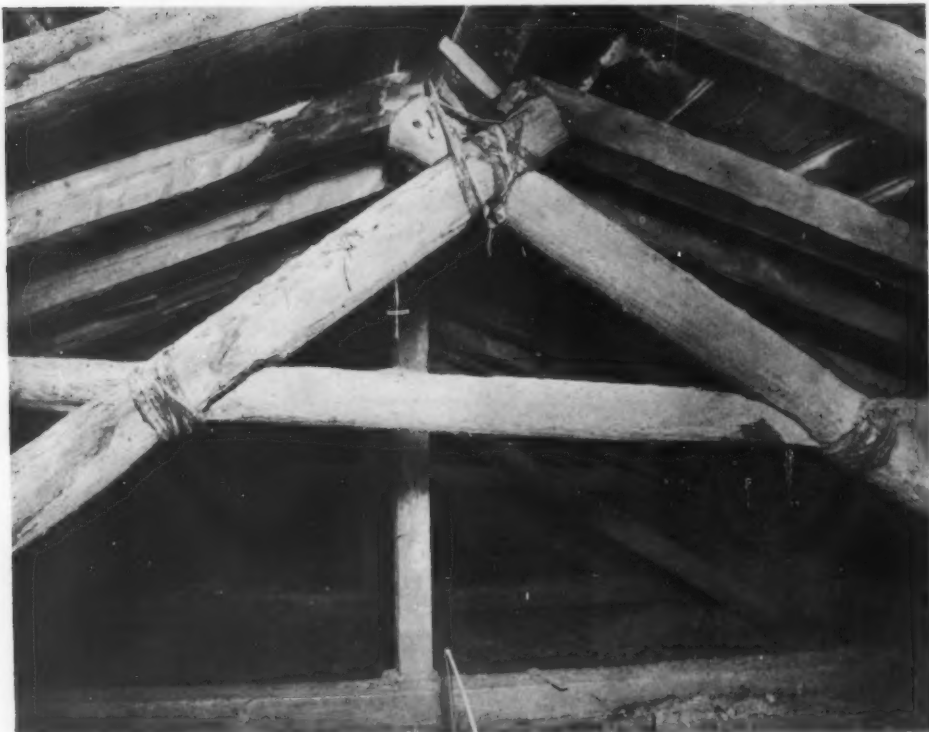


Figure XXV. Rafters tied with rawhide thongs, Mission Dolores, San Francisco

Holy Thursday to Easter Sunday, a period when the bells of the *campanario* are never rung, and are said to have "gone to Rome."

At San Juan Capistrano, the baptismal font is capped with a wooden cover represented in Figure XXIII. It is an interesting although crude piece of workmanship, provided with old iron hinges made in the Mission shops. Three sections of the carved circular frame have disappeared, but the remaining portion testifies to the taste and the rudimentary skill of the one who fashioned it. The pouring shell seen at the front is of silver and was probably brought from Mexico.

Figure XXIV. is a decorative fragment almost hidden in an obscure corner of the relic room at Santa Barbara. It is the crown-piece of the ancient altar tabernacle and is ornamented with the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary and the instruments of the Passion. The piece is furthermore notable as affording the first instance as far as is known of the use of the iridescent abalone shell, which is now employed so frequently and effectively in the modern handicraft of California.

Figure XXV. illustrates the construction of the rafters and the method of tying them by rawhide thongs, employed in several of

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the Missions. The photograph, made by Mr. H. C. Tibbitts of San Francisco, at the Mission Dolores, shows that after nearly a century of service the rawhide seems as strong and tough as when first put into position.

There remain many other uses of wood and many other wooden objects which might be described, such as the wooden bells once hanging as "dummies" in the *campanario* at San Buenaventura; the old pulpit at Santa Clara (which has been restored according to the original scheme); the reliquary case used in processions by Father Junipero Serra; the altar rail in the practically new Mission Church at Santa Clara, made from the original redwood beams which spanned the old Mission structures. But lack of space forbids this extension and enough has been said to make doubtful the belief that the Mission furniture of commerce bears close relationship with the movables used or produced at the Spanish religious foundations in California.

CANTICLE OF THE SUN COMPOSED BY SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI TO THE HONOR AND GLORY OF GOD, WHEN HE LAY SICK AT ST. DAMIAN

O MOST high, almighty, good Lord God, to thee belong praise, glory, honor, and all blessing!

Praised be my Lord God with all his creatures, and specially our brother the sun, who

brings us the day and who brings us the light; fair is he and shines with a very great splendor: O Lord, he signifies to us thee!

Praised be my Lord for our sister the moon, and for the stars, the which he has set clear and lovely in heaven.

Praised be my Lord for our brother the wind, and for air and cloud, calms and all weather by the which thou upholdest life in all creatures.

Praised be my Lord for our sister water, who is very serviceable unto us and humble and precious and clean.

Praised be my Lord for our brother fire, through whom thou givest us light in the darkness; and he is bright and pleasant and very mighty and strong.

Praised be my Lord for our mother the earth, the which doth sustain us and keep us, and bringeth forth divers fruits and flowers of many colors, and grass.

Praised be my Lord for all those who pardon one another for his love's sake, and who endure weakness and tribulation; blessed are they who peaceably shall endure, for thou, O most Highest, shalt give them a crown.

Praised be my Lord for our sister, the death of the body, from which no man escapeth. Woe to him who dieth in mortal sin! Blessed are they who are found walking by thy most holy will, for the second death shall have no power to do them harm.

Praise ye and bless the Lord, and give thanks unto him and serve him with great humility.

—From the *Life of St. Francis of Assisi*,
By Paul Sabatier

THE CRAFTSMAN

THE MISSION OF SAN FRANCISCO XAVIER, AT TUCSON, ARIZONA

As an example of Mission architecture, differing somewhat from the specimens existing in California, the church of San Francisco Xavier, near Tucson, Arizona, is here presented. The photographs were made some time since by a traveler, and it is to be regretted that they are too small fully to show the many interesting details of the building. But the principal features are rendered with sufficient clearness to make easy the study which they merit, and as offering such features, the illustration in perspective is the better of the two.

In this we plainly see the wall which protects the façade and is furnished with a decorative gateway recalling the barbicans, or advanced entrances of the Moorish structures in Spain.

The portal proper is also interesting, accentuating, as it does, the central third of



the façade, and justifying the elaboration of that compartment. The arched doorway is clearly Palladian; while the high pediment, with its broken arch and elaborate ornament, is a near relative of those of the latest Spanish buildings of the Netherlands. The pilgrim shell of St. James the Elder adds also a detail seldom omitted from the older architecture of a people who delight to commemorate their favorite apostle whenever it is possible, and see even in the Milky Way the tail of his white charger.

The lateral walls have that poverty of windows which is characteristic of buildings in hot countries, and the towers, with their wide balconies and open-work, further suggest their southern origin, at the same time that their flying buttresses, although twisted into Renaissance scrolls, show a principle of Gothic construction.

Finally the dome and domical roof of the tower with its lantern are essential features of the style which, rising with St. Peter's at Rome, was carried by the Jesuit missionaries to the two Americas.

I. S.



Mission of San Francisco Xavier, Tucson, Arizona.
Façade

THE ARCHITECT

THE ARCHITECT SHOULD BE AN ARTIST. BY J. TORRES PALOMAR. TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY IRENE SARGENT.

EDITOR'S NOTE: As following a somewhat unusual line of argument, the reflections upon the building art here printed, will prove interesting to the thoughtful reader. The author of the article is a Mexican civil engineer and architect, who, beyond his technical training, possesses a knowledge, not only of the history of Greek philosophy, but also of the forms of thought and expression peculiar to that system. It is further to be noted as worthy of comment that Señor Palomar, although surrounded, as a Mexican, by the traditions of the Spanish art of the Renaissance, has turned from that florid style to admire and advocate simplicity. He thus adds one more to the manifold proofs against the narrow belief that the Latin races can not be freed from a voluntary slavery to their own past.

TO form an idea of the importance of the arts, it will suffice to imagine what the great nations of the world would become, if they should suppress from their history the monuments which they have raised to their faiths, and the works upon which they have left the stamp of their genius. People are like men: after their death there remains of them nothing save the things which have emanated from their spirit. That is to say: science, literature and art: poems in verse, poems in stone, or in color.

If Egypt were unknown, if the memory of that country were completely effaced

from the human mind, some day a philosopher, on seeing arise in the solitudes of Memphis three great pyramids guarded by a sphinx, would divine the existence of a religious and servile people, ruled by mysticism, fixed in their ideas and full of faith in the immortality of the soul. Through the meaning of these symbolic monuments, he might, perhaps, succeed in reconstructing ancient Egypt, in discovering its customs and even its thoughts.

If Greece were an unknown or forgotten country, some day an artist, coming upon a column from the Propylæa, a fragment of a Phidian marble, a coin or vase of the period of Alexander the Great, would understand that in those places there had existed a great nation possessing delicate sensibilities, pure taste and exquisite grace, who had elevated the cult of the beautiful to the point of making mortals divine and of bringing the gods down to earth.

All civilized nations have felt that their glory would be acquired through the works of the poet and the architect, through those of the sculptor and the painter. Therefore, no nations have existed who have not honored their artists; as if they had recognized in them the future witnesses of their grandeur.

In the primitive East, in the valley of the Nile, art accompanied the highest religious functions: the sculptor was venerated equally with the chief priest. In Greece, the fable of Prometheus stealing the Divine Fire with which to animate clay, symbolizes clearly the divine origin of the arts. So, it is not a subject of surprise that the wisest of philosophers—the master of Plato—was a sculptor and modeled the "Three Graces." Among the Greeks, a profound

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sentiment of respect was mingled with the memory of Phidias, and the descendants of that great man held the hereditary office of showing foreigners the workshop in which he had carved his Jupiter Olympus.

The city of Pergamos, in Mysia, bought with the public funds a ruined palace, in order to preserve certain of its walls which had been decorated by Apelles. The inhabitants of the same city caused the remains of the illustrious painter to be suspended for public veneration in a net woven from gold. Less refined than the Greeks, the Romans, without doubt, inherited from them their great respect for artists. Cicero relates that Silius Fabius, who counted among his relatives so many consuls, and so many generals who had received the honor of a triumph, desired to sign his name to the pictures which he himself painted in the Temple of Health, and called himself Fabius Pictor. Finally, in modern times, the haughtiest of the emperors of Germany, Charles V., who united in himself Teutonic pride with Castilian dignity, pronounced the famous sentence: "Titian deserves to be served by Caesar."

IS art a mere pastime, a relaxation of the spirit, a manner of embellishing life?

No, its aim is a higher one; it is more noble. It is the duty of the artist to bring the ideal within our reach; that is to say: to reveal to us the primitive, original beauty of life and of things. The concepts which Nature presents to us under a confused and obscured form, art defines and illumines. The beauties of Nature are subject to the action of time and to the law of universal destruction: art raises them and frees them from time and death.

The work of art is a creation, because by penetrating into the essence of things through their outward appearances, the artist produces beings conformable to the vital essence, to the creative idea which resides in them. Therefore, if the artist creates, he should be free, he should follow the flight of his own inspiration. Why should not his hand be cold, if obliged to obey the spirit of another? With what, if not with inspiration, shall he replace the close harmony which Nature has established between the soul and the body: in other words, the life of his works? Thus, art is free, absolute, and it should not be confounded with the agreeable, because it will then lose its liberty and will be no more than an obedient slave. It is true that art pleases us, that it constitutes the charm and grace of life; but its object, its destiny, is not merely to please us. It would be folly to demand that art, that is to say, the revelation of beauty, should be subject to all the changes of the day and hour; for that beauty which contains the divine, which makes manifest the immortal idea, would then be simply the toy of our changeful sensations. He who might admire it to-day, might despise it to-morrow, and every one being able to judge it through his personal impressions, it would become more changeful than fancy, and less durable than fashion itself. A single man would have the right to proclaim to be beautiful that which the entire human race might regard as ugly, and then the old adage would appear just: "Concerning tastes there can be no dispute,"—a saying which is altogether false when applied to the arts of design, and which expresses a fatal error productive of anarchy in the dominion of mind. Would genius cease to be free, if it

THE ARCHITECT

should obey its own laws? But what is genius if not the rapid intuition of the higher laws? These laws the philosopher is permitted to understand. Such is his right. It is for him to decide whether the form is adapted to the idea. Beside, whatever may be the variety of forms, there is always one which is the most perfect, and in order to know it, the perception of genius takes reason as its assistant.

The beautiful is not merely that which is pleasing. Many things are agreeable without possessing beauty. The pleasures of the table, for example, as Socrates observed to Hippias: "Can they be called beautiful?" All nations find tea and coffee pleasant, but for that reason do these substances possess any element of beauty?

The sentiment of the beautiful is innate in man, but it is present within him in the state of an obscure reminiscence, as if he had brought it from a pre-existent world in which he lived under other conditions. This feeling must have been awakened in the human being by the contemplation of the universe, when he, more powerful indeed than Nature, could contemplate her and discover her charms. Without doubt, art had its beginnings in a certain impulse to imitate, but the imitation was remote, a pure analogy. Man seeking to reproduce or to represent in his own manner the universe which awakened his wonder and admiration, sought at once to create for himself an artificial world.

It is true indeed that every phenomenon of creation is compassed about by space, and is prolonged through time. But man, not being able to embrace either space, which is without limit, or time, which is without end, set boundaries to these ideas, fitted them to

himself and measured them. By measuring space, he invented geometry; by measuring time, he invented numbers. And these two great accomplishments of his intellect, from the moment when sentiment came to animate them, were converted into the two greatest arts: architecture and music.

These two primary and universal arts are the parents of all the others. Born at the same time, they hold toward each other the intimate relations which always exist between twin beings. One is more spiritual, the other more material. Architecture has been called "the music of symmetrically ordered space;" music, with equal justice, may be named "the architecture of sound." The fable of Amphion building the walls of Thebes to the chords of his lyre, typifies the sisterhood of these arts. So also, that legend from the life of Pythagoras, which relates that the philosopher, having heard successively the sounds produced by three hammers upon an anvil, was delighted by the different notes and caused the hammers to be weighed. He thus found in the proportions of their weights the proportions of the sounds which they produced: thence he deduced from the laws of gravity the secrets of a universal harmony.

In the beginnings of society, architecture was regarded as a creation which should enter into competition with Nature and reproduce her most imposing and terrible aspects. Mystery was then the essential condition of architectural eloquence. So considered, architecture aims at no final object, reveals no precise intention. It merely symbolizes the obscure thought of an entire people and not the clear will of an individual of a certain class.

If a man lived isolated in the desert and

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had the power in himself to erect buildings, he would be free to make them singular, ugly, even grotesque, since they would please the eyes of the constructor only and would not offend those of others. But from the moment when man, understanding his weakness in isolation, founds society, from the moment when society occupies a certain extent of the earth's surface bounded by mountains, rivers, or seas, the right to erect buildings can not be separated from the duty of erecting those which shall be beautiful. Every edifice intercepts the air which we breathe, the light by which we see and are warmed; it covers a fraction of the globe upon which our existence is passed. It is, therefore, just that we should at least compensate ourselves by beauty for the benefits of which we deprive ourselves. Should we obstruct the circulation of air, compress it, rob ourselves of the sunlight, without any compensation? Should we cut off the sight of the sky, of the beauties of the landscape, of the horizon of the sea, of all the beauties of Nature, without gaining for ourselves

other beauties in exchange? What would be our fate, if to the right of construction and of limiting, there should be added the power of afflicting our eyes with the image of ugliness? The caprice of a single man could then condemn ourselves and our children to suffer a continuous torment through the forced contemplation of deformities in carved stone. But no! organized humanity can not permit it: the respect which is owed to society, forces the builder to be an architect, an artist; thus erecting the cult of the beautiful into a distinct and imperative duty.

In ancient times, the care of providing for the beauty of edifices was a much-envied magistracy. In the same way that the police force of our modern cities protects us from the annoyance of excessive noise in the public thoroughfares, so the *aedile* of antiquity protected the eyes of the citizens against the ugliness of architecture, and in this way invested the cause of beauty with the majesty of the law.

WORK OF ANTHONY H. EUWER

THE WORK OF ANTHONY H. EUWER—AN APPRECIATION. BY WILL LARRYMORE SMEDLEY

IT is not my intention in treating my present subject to be analytical, but rather to bring more prominently before the public, work of merit which deserves much praise: the work of one whose



sincere and indefatigable energy has won for him an enviable success.

To assemble numerous lines and surfaces in a mass that resembles a picture puzzle, is one thing; to make a real bookplate is another. An indiscriminate mixture of free-hand geometry, conforming more or less to prescribed conventional forms cannot necessarily be termed a design. It might more properly be called a carefully planned accident. The truth of this statement is easily proven by the fact that much is done in the way of so-called design by many who



are not actuated by any artistic impulse—as all good work must be, whether conventional or otherwise—but who are straining every nerve and muscle to reach the limits of the unusual. This is not true of Mr.



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Euwer's work, for in every case in which his own idea has had free play, the result has been comprehensive and effectual; the artistic in each case, being able to take care of itself. Simplicity is a rare quality, and only a skilful hand, a capacity (not enthusiasm only) for color, careful thought, and an intuitive sense of the artistic, are capable



of creating from a chaos of material a design that shall show beauty and proportion.

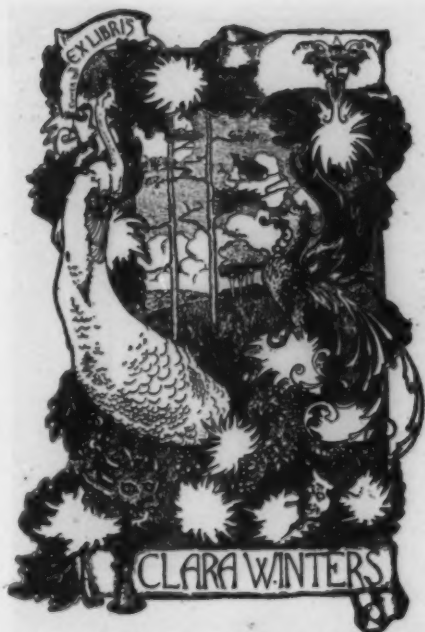
Turning more directly to the subject in hand, one would think that the ideal bookplate should, in some way, indicate the nature of the owner's occupation and, if he be so fortunate as to possess a genuine coat of



arms, that this could be used incidentally with excellent effect. But here two difficulties present themselves: some persons would desire so much of their occupation to be shown that the plate would be a purely business advertisement; while others would insist on the coat of arms only; thus making the



WORK OF ANTHONY H. EUWER



family virtue appear vulgar by its constant recurrence. However, dictation is not our



object. The personal taste of the prospective owner should play the principal part in the matter of the material to be used.

Although the bookplate was, originally, armorial in character, a coat of arms itself is not an especially tempting subject to a modern designer, since the devices which it contains have a definite significance and



must be used unaltered, in order to preserve its intrinsic value; thus the artist must strictly adhere to certain forms in working out his design. However, that arms may be made to take a fitting place in the general scheme is proven in the Abbott plate, in which the armorial bearings enter harmoniously into the design, without being too evident. The fact that there was, in the sixteenth century, an eminent divine of this

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name, who was an ancestor of the present owner, gives rise to a slight play on the word, and the whole idea is well bound with an appropriate border formed by a Gothic arch.

In the Heinz plate, there seems to have been an understanding which resulted in a very effective design. The border does not obtrude itself, while the interior has the very agreeable effect of an old wood engraving. In the plate of John Fremont and Margaret Magee Steel, we have an ornament of quiet dignity surrounding the Titian masterpiece, St. Christopher. In the plate of Lawrence Crane Woods there is involved not only the name of the owner, but also the legend of the cranes of



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Ibycus, as recalled by the Greek motto: *Παῖ γὰρ ἀνὴρ*. Not often does a name or motto lend itself so happily to pictorial treatment. In the Dana plate I am sure that the artist did not have entirely his own way. The owner apparently is an engineer, and, as science deals with things as they are, and art with relative appearances, there was sufficient occasion for trouble. A glance at the several objects involved is enough to convince that a railroad bridge, a transit, and a bull's head are not things of great artistic possibilities; still, the several elements have grown into their places, and the result is much better than one could, at first, expect; the bull's head remaining the one jarring note which is not overcome by a variety of good pen work on the rest of the

WORK OF ANTHONY H. EUWER



plate. The plates of Philo Nelson French and Clara Winters are good studies in relative values, and the latter will bear more than a second glance.

In the plate of Mary Effingham Chatfield, an unhampered and somewhat pictorial scheme, a pleasant relation exists between the body of the plate and the border. The little princess of the wood has laid aside her book to dream of a gallant knight, and of the wonderful castle, as suggested in the distance. This plate, as well as some of the later ones, including "The Princess and Peacocks," "The Stork Maiden," "The Sunlit Tower" with its dragon border, and the "Girl with the Mandolin," are truly *chateaux en Espagne*.

A note of humor is introduced in the Carter plate, in which the old man unconsciously grips the *stein* as he reads, with a thought perhaps of the jug behind the chair. Of quite another type are the plates of Eliza-

beth Berger and Daniel Putnam Brinley. They are similar subjects, similar in treatment, and yet possessing a very pleasing difference: a proof that monotony is no part of Mr. Euwer's work, and also of the converse that spontaneity is an essential element of success.

In the plate of John Kendrick Bangs, we have a design of delightful bookish flavor, somewhat in the Renaissance style. The whole idea is agreeably balanced and suggests a place in which to spend a comfortable time with one's own books. The composition is strong in value and the decorative quality is good, without being overdone.

The other plates, which have not been lettered, are a few of the artist's latest and best works; being so well composed and executed as to make comment upon them unnecessary. The originals of the Sunlit Tower and the Maiden with the Mandolin are done



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in opaque water color, and to convey an adequate idea of the color scheme would be quite impossible. These newer designs bear evidence of entire originality: that is, they do not appear to be hampered by suggestions, or dictations from a possible purchaser; the conception being free to develop without limitations.

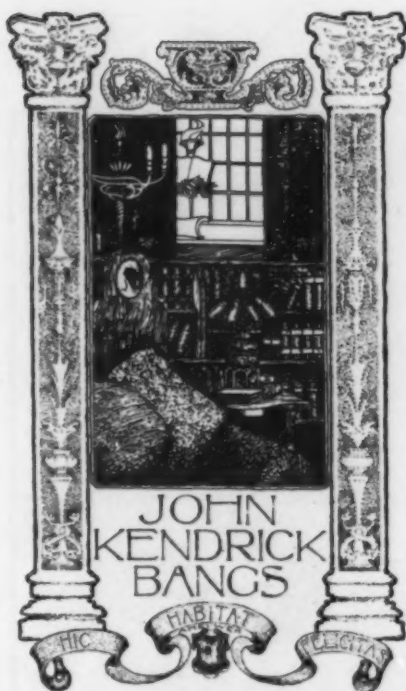
In all the accompanying illustrations the decorative treatment is prominent in combination with actual facts, as will be seen by the harmony of lettering. Good lettering is at a premium and hundreds of otherwise good drawings, in every branch of the art, are ruined by letters which have been simply



applied, instead of having grown, as a part of the whole.

A résumé of Mr. Euwer's work would not be complete by half without mention of his versatility as a writer. Numerous periodicals have been much the richer by contributions from his pen, and, in whatever style he chooses to write, he is equally successful. "Rickety Rimes and Rigmaro" is the title of a book of nonsense verse which appeared over his signature last year, and at once became so popular that a second edition is almost ready. The inscription on the title page reads:

WORK OF ANTHONY H. EUWER



Rick-e-ty Rimes and Rig-ma-ro

By

ANTHONY H. EUWER

For

Fools, Philosophers and Free Thinkers
being a

Phan-tas-ma-gor-i-cal Con-glom-er-at-ion of
Bi-car-bon-at-ed Som-nam-bu-lisms

PICTORIAL PERPETRATIONS
BY THE
AUTHOR

*'Tis poshy stuff, this printed guff,
We grudgingly concede it;
The meter leaks, the rythem reaks,
Its crippled feet impede it.
And yet for those who'd drown their woe,
'Tmay prove a sweet narcotic,
Altho' tis plain, that in the main,
The whole thing's idiotic.*

The contents of the book are fascinating from cover to cover. In nonsense verse there is certainly no better work, and the drawings are admirably suited to the text. To write verse that shall be pure nonsense, requires a gift of rare ability; mere foolishness in rhyme is not nonsense, and here Mr. Euwer's originality shows its color. The little volume is full of new words coined for the purpose, and through the whole work runs a tiny vein of philosophy invisible at first glance. This is felt by a bit of prose: "The Genius," a satire not altogether gentle, concerning a certain form of art prevalent in this country. The "Jorikey Girasticutus" and "A Nebulous Nocturne" are titles which arouse curiosity. Several of these drawings are herewith appended.

"The Ballad of Purple Land," a phantasy in two parts, is a more ambitious poem, charming throughout with characteristic



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THE CRAFTSMAN



"The Jorikev Girastieutus" from "Rickety Rimes"



The Dietician from "Rickety Rimes"

WORK OF ANTHONY H. EUWER



"A Nebulous Nocturne," from "Rickety Rimen"

imagery which leaves one to meditate on other things than the fleeting show of our present existence. It will bear reading more than once, and, although tinged with an echo of regret, it contains no pessimism. The accompanying drawings are exquisite,

and show a fine conformity with the text of the work. Many of the originals have been exhibited in Washington, Brooklyn, Pittsburg and New York, and three of them have been utilized in an effective screen.

As a last word, it may be said that the writer of this paper has had long and extensive opportunity of studying conventional drawings of all kinds, and, in passing, he wishes to acknowledge that for freshness and vigor, whether in illustration or in bookplate, Mr. Euwer's work will stand the most favorable comparison with any productions of its class. Every design of his has its *raison d'être*, and in working it out he has held to the idea that vivisection is not decoration. Therefore, his results are a healthy sign of individual effort to produce types which fulfil all conditions, without personal sacrifice of artistic inspiration.



"Dawn" by Anthony H. Euwer

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A LABOR MUSEUM. BY MARION
FOSTER WASHBURN

STEADFAST amidst the clash of industrial warfare, true to the English tongue and the English better genius in the midst of a modern Babel, clean and wholesome on the edge of the Ghetto, serene among sweat-shops and saloons, in the very center of toiling Chicago, stands Hull-House. Originally, a fine old family mansion in the environs of the young city, it is now surrounded and well nigh buried out of sight by a group—almost a clutter—of related buildings, springing out of it like wings and tail. In one of these—in the fan-tail—is the Labor Museum, which I am going to tell about.

We came upon it through a long tunnel-like passage leading under the main house. It was evening, and the windows lining one wall of the passage looked down into the engine room, filled with dynamos and the steam heating apparatus. Even this business-like place, we noticed, contained two colored lithographs in cheerful gilt frames. The passage-way, with its walls stained red, opened at the far end upon an alley unlit except by reflections from the house. Across it, shone the lighted windows of the labor museum, and there a half-dozen street urchins were looking in. Swearing, twisting, pushing each other, using each other's backs and shoulders to obtain vantage-ground, clad in nondescript clothes, rough in manner, and of many nations, they looked in longingly from the cold alley where they lived, upon these glorified workshops which promised pleasantness and peace.

They slunk out of sight when they saw

us, and, crossing the alley, we opened the door upon the humming activity of the wood and metal shops; for a shop this room is in appearance, much more than a museum. The big beams overhead, the swinging rack for lumber, the tool cases lining one wall, the heavy benches and work tables, the vises, the mallets, the enameling and glazing furnaces, the sheets of cut and bent copper, the big jar for the acid bath, with a heap of sawdust beside it on which to wipe stained fingers, the battered table with a blow-pipe at one end, spitting blue and yellow flames: all make up an interior not lacking in a certain grim picturesqueness. The general tone is brown, with a little relief where the cases of made articles: jugs, jars, candlesticks and lanterns, vases and boxes of enameled metal shine against the brown walls. A few pictures persist high up on the shelf running around the room, as an earnest of



A pupil at the Hull-House Labor Museum

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good intention. Some day, pictures will play, undoubtedly, as important a part in the decoration of this room as they do in the other rooms presently to be described. Indeed, the painting classes of Hull-House have already planned to place a frieze here, illustrating the history of wood, from the primeval forest to its use in manufacture. The place is filled with clamorous noise: the beating of copper, the gasping of blow-pipes, the pounding of hammers, the rough rasp of saws, the swish of planes, and the calls of the workers. The teachers alone and the bewildered visitors are silent, moving from group to group; some directing and others trying to comprehend this manifold activity. A young man with a long, dark, Italian face, and dressed in a workman's blouse, seems to be in charge. He is young Colorossi, we learn, nephew of the famous head of the art school of the same name in Paris. At the top of his lungs he tries to explain to us what he is doing and still more what he hopes to do.

The work in the shops saves some boys from clerkships, he says. It is a small attempt to stem the current steadily setting toward the cities and the work of the middlemen, and away from the industries and constructive hand-work. Numbers of his pupils are errand-boys, office-boys, and delivery-boys, who are earning a precarious living and learning very little which can permanently benefit them. They come here Saturday evenings and work; they learn to design a little; they gain some idea of a genuine beauty not based upon display; and they acquire a respect for good workmanship and good workmen. One of them recently gave up his place as office-boy, became apprenticed to a skilled metal worker,

and is now in a fair way to master a paying and progressive trade. He and his companions at the Museum sell the product of their labor, and it is for this purpose that it is on exhibition in the cases. A small percentage of the selling price is returned to the House, although it is not as yet nearly enough to pay for the cost of the material and the use of the machinery. The sale of the work is encouraged more to hold the interest of the boys and to stimulate them to better craftsmanship than for any other reason.

When we first saw them, these boys were making sleds to be ready for the earliest snow-fall. It was evident from the way they handled the tools that they were new workers; nevertheless the sleds, made of rather heavy lumber, looked serviceable and not at all amateurish.

The direct object of such training may not be obvious to the casual observer, for it is plain that the boys have not time in these few hours of work a week to master even the beginnings of good carpentry. What does take place is what the visitor cannot see, although he may afterwards experience it himself. It is a change of mental attitude. The Museum stands for just this—for an attempt to change the common desire to make money into a desire to make useful things and to make them well. Moreover, because it is not immediately calculable, one must not underrate the practical advantage to the world at large of boys trained even to a slight understanding of mechanical possibilities. We may well remember that in the earliest steam engines a boy had to be at hand to open the steam valve at each stroke of the piston, and that it was one of them who, becoming tired of this monoto-

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Cooking room, Hull-House, Labor Museum

nous task and wishing to run away to play, finally managed to connect the valve with the rest of the machinery. Who could have foretold what this touch of mechanical genius was to mean to the world?

But still, we do not see what it is that makes this a Museum. What is it more than a series of manual training shops? True, the groups of onlookers mark a characteristic difference. It is true also that ladies and gentlemen work here side by side with these neighborhood boys; but this may mean only that the manual training school has here been extended to embrace pupils of all ages and of all stages of ignorance—

conventional, polite ignorance, as well as slum ignorance. And indeed, we shall find little in this room to declare to us the general object of the museum, which is to throw the light of history and of art upon modern industries. The historical object it has in common with all museums; the artistic object it possesses in common with all arts and crafts workshops; but the combination of the two ideals, and the concrete expression of them in the midst of a foreign population largely wrenched away from its hereditary occupations, is peculiar to Hull-House. As the curator, Miss Luther, explains, "the word museum was purposely used in prefer-

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ence to the word school, both because the latter is distasteful to grown-up people from its association with childish tasks, and because the word museum still retains some fascination of the show. It may be easily observed that the spot which attracts most people at any exhibition, or fair, is the one where something is being done. So trivial a thing as a girl cleaning gloves, or a man polishing metal, will almost inevitably attract a crowd, who look on with absorbed interest. It was believed that the actual carrying forward of industrial processes, and the fact that the explanation of each process, or period, is complete in itself, would tend to make the teaching dramatic, and to overcome in a measure the disadvantage of irregular attendance. It was further believed, although perhaps it is difficult to demonstrate, that when the materials of daily life and contact remind the student of the subject of his lesson and its connections, it would hold his interest and feed his thought as abstract and unconnected study utterly fails to do. A constant effort, therefore, was made to keep the museum a labor museum in contradistinction to a commercial museum."

Miss Addams, the founder and Head Resident of Hull-House, in trying to give an idea of how the thought of such a museum originated, reminds us that, in the better type of progressive schools, representations of these activities are put before the children in more or less adequate forms, and that they are encouraged to do a little weaving, a little wood-working, a little cooking, a little sewing as a means of grasping in miniature the great industrial world. But here, among her own neighbors, she finds the skilled craftsmen of the old world, who do

not need to be taught to do any of these things, but who have been thrown out of their environment and who are too often despised by their own children because they cannot speak good English, or quickly adapt themselves to our alien civilization. She proposed to set them in an artificially-created industrial environment, which would make plain to themselves, to their children, and to the casual sight-seer, the true importance and dignity of their labor. This she has been able to compass, of course, only in a few instances, but these are concrete instances and they speak with the tongues of men and angels.

Standing here, we recognize that the commercial custom of rating a laborer at what you can buy or rent him for, is as low, as inadequate a measure of a human being as could well be devised. Before it the inventiveness of the worker, his joy in his work, and consequently his best capacity for work, disappear. As Ruskin and Morris have shrieked in our ears, he who tends a machine all his life and is treated like a machine, being made to work when profits are high, and allowed to rust in creaking desuetude when profits are low, tends to become himself a machine, grows less and less human. Perhaps it is true, as some of the modern reformers tell us, that the tendency of our present civilization is to emphasize money-making devices and to neglect humanity. Here, at any rate, in these few rooms, is an attempt to substitute Renaissance and mediaeval ideals of industry, or the better part of them, for that Puritan utilitarianism which crushed them out, and which we seem to have retained, without holding on to its compensating religiousness.

But to return to the actual thing: here in

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the alcove of the wood and metal working rooms is a big vat of clay, a couple of potter's wheels, and a case of admirably modeled, glazed, and decorated pottery. Standing at the table is a clean old German kneading clay, his squat, bowed legs far apart, his body leaning forward, his long and powerful arms beating upon the clay like piston rods. He rolls it into a long cylinder and breaks it off with exactitude into a half dozen little lumps. As he carries it across the room, walking with a side-wise straddle, one sees that he is bent and twisted by his trade, conformed to his wheel. Upon this he slaps his clay, and thrusting out a short leg, sets it whirling. Above the rough lump he folds his hands, and, in a minute, from that prayerful seclusion, the clay emerges rounded, smoothed, and slightly hollowed. His hands open, his thumbs work in; one almost sees him think through his skilful thumbs and forefingers: the other fingers lie close together and he moves the four as one. Like some mystery of organic nature, the clay rises, bends, becomes a vase. "Look at that thing grow!" an excited boy exclaims, forgetting the crowd of onlookers. "See it, see it!" The old potter rises, lifts the vase in his mitten-like hands and, bending, straddling sideways, his face unmoved, carries it tenderly to its place.

Looking at him, I wonder. My heart aches. My flower-pots at home made by such as he, gain a new significance. They are no longer mere receptacles for holding earth and guarding the roots of my plants. The rough, red surface of them is written all over with the records of human patience, human coöperation with nature, human hopes and fears. I remember what Smiles says when he reminds us that craftsmen,

such as Watt, who made instruments, Stephenson, who was a brakesman, Fulton, who was a jeweler's apprentice, and hundreds of others, whose names are unhonored, but the fruit of their labors not unknown, were "the real makers of modern civilization."

The old potter has clapped another lump of clay upon the wheel, but we pass him, and go into the next little room, the printing-shop. There is not so very much to be seen here beyond the hand-press, the cases of type for hand setting, the examples upon the wall of old-fashioned block printing, the illuminated manuscripts, and the framed pages from the beautiful Kelmscott Chaucer. A good copy of John W. Alexander's frieze from the Congressional Library, representing the evolution of the book, hangs upon one wall, and below it is a series of four prints, Nordfeldt's Wave, showing the stages through which a colored wood-cut must pass in order to reach completion.

This room brings to us no such feeling of surprise as do the others; perhaps because the book is, in fact, a fairly socialized instrument of progress. We take our public libraries for granted, expect to find books upon every cottage table, and our legislators even go so far as to buy them wholesale for the school-children of the State: a preposterous procedure, but one which excites little surprise. As we reflect upon these things, we are reminded of Webb's story of the Individualist Town Counsellor, who walked along the municipal pavement, lit by municipal gas, cleaned by municipal brooms and with municipal water, and, seeing by the town-clock that he was too early to meet his children coming from the municipal school hard by the county lunatic asylum and the municipal hospital, used a national

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telegraph system to tell them not to walk through the municipal park, but to come by the municipal tram-way, to meet him in a municipal reading-room, by the municipal art gallery, museum and library, where he intended to consult some of the national publications, in order to prepare his next speech to be given in the municipal town-hall in favor of the nationalization of canals and the increase of government control over the railway system.

"Socialism, Sir?" exclaimed this unob-servant gentleman, "don't waste the time of a practical man by your fantastical absurdities!" We are not at all sure that we are socialists, any more than he was, but here, in this book-room, it does not seem such a far-fetched possibility.

We must hurry through to the cooking-room. It is rather empty, just now, for no work is going on, but the room itself is interesting. In one corner is a big brick fireplace with old-fashioned andirons and crane. From this latter hangs a copper tea-kettle, and below it is set an old-fashioned copper fire-pot. Brass porringers and kettles stand on the shelf above. A low window-seat to the right, and a big table before it, covered with a blue and white homespun cloth, make one wish that one could go back at once to the old colonial days, and make apple dowdy and mulled cider in this picture-book place. A dear little painted dresser stands next the window-seat, set out with old blue and white china; but an abrupt modern note is struck by the case of laboratory samples which hangs beside it. Here are bottles hermetically sealed, showing the amount of water in a pound of potatoes, the fat in a pound of butter, the proteid in cheese, the starch in wheat, the cellu-

lose in beans, and the mineral matter in eggs.

In danger of regarding our stomachs with an uncomfortable degree of awe, we turn with relief to the series of pictures which show the planting, reaping, and marketing of food-stuffs, and rejoice in the colored panel in which a Dutch woman is taking butter and milk to market in a row-boat, past a big wind-mill with many other wind-mills in the distance, and all in a generous, yellow glow. Here is a fine old carved side-board with more blue and white china on it—modern blue and white, alas! and not half



Mrs. Sweeney, the scrub woman

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so pretty as the old kind. And here, sheltered from dust, behind glass, are sheaves of corn, wheat, sugar-cane, oats, all manner of grains; farther on, we see stones used by the Indians for grinding corn, and above them a picture, showing a young squaw using them. Down through the middle of the room stretch long, ugly, but useful, modern demonstration tables with their gas-jets for cooking, their central rack for utensils, and behind them rows of yellow bowls and kitchen crockery. We sigh as we look and consider how little we know even of these foods upon which we live. "We civilized men and women," complains Kropotkin—and suddenly his complaint seems not at all unreasonable—"know everything, we have settled opinions upon everything, we take an interest in everything. We only know nothing about whence the bread comes which we eat, even though we pretend to know something about that subject as well; we do not know how it is grown, what pains it costs to those who grow it, what is being done to reduce their pains, what sort of feeders of our grand selves these men are. . . . We are more ignorant than savages in this respect, and we prevent our children from obtaining this sort of knowledge, even those of our children who would prefer it to the heaps of useless stuff with which they are crammed at school."

But the next room, whirring with industry, induces us to yet another state of humility. It is a big room facing north, filled with a rich exhibit of textiles, largely loaned from the Field Columbian Museum. Great looms fill much of its floor space: a Jacquard loom with a piece of ingrain carpet on it; electric and fly-shuttle looms; a colonial loom on which homespun cloth is this mo-

ment being made. It is spun and woven here and sold at prices varying at from two to five dollars the yard. But, even at this price, so heavy is the cost of the raw material, of the labor, and of the cleaning and dyeing, that the industry is not commercially successful. Perhaps it might be made so, but this is not the concern of the Museum. It sells things, but its motive for being is not the desire to sell profitably. Nevertheless, there is a case full of work done here and for sale to the public. It contains hand-weaves of all sorts: rugs, towels, laces, embroideries, open-work, and baskets. The curator assures us that already the demand for pottery, metal work, wood-work and textiles far exceeds the capacity of the various workers to fill the orders.

Above this show-case hangs a large engraving of Millet's "Spinner," which illustrates, among other things, the earliest method of spinning in France. There is a smaller picture of another "Spinner," in the painter's later and better manner, and a group of other pictures, representing spinning and weaving in all stages of development, under all skies, and with the workers costumed after all manner of national fashions. Mrs. Sweeney, a neighborhood woman, employed in keeping the museum clean, rolls her bare arms in her little red shoulder shawl and examines the pictures with me.

"This is an Irish lady spinnin', annyhow," she explains, pointing with a soaked forefinger. "Shure, I'd know her, big or little, in all the worl'd."

Perhaps she overlooks a little the Kentucky spinners, whose picture hangs next, and disregards their blue and white quilt,

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which makes a background for the pictures; but, at least, she has seen the work of her own people under a new aspect: that is, with some historical perspective.

Here is a large wall case containing Navajo and Hindu handlooms: the East and the West cheek by jowl. A stocking loom stands next and bits of rare brocade and embroidery cover all available wall spaces. There are embroideries in gold and silk from Germany of the seventeenth century, beautiful Norwegian embroideries and fringes, Nuremberg and Italian embroideries, all manner of modern weaves, Mexican serapes, Venetian velvets from the fifteenth century, resplendent in gold, red, green and yellow, upon a cloth-of-gold background, and even a framed fragment of mummy-wrapping. On a shelf, out of danger of collision, is an old Syrian spinning wheel. A woman of the neighborhood, finding that the House would appreciate such a wheel, sent to Syria for it. It was her grandmother's and is two hundred years old. The duties and cost of transportation amounted to forty-five dollars. "Ah!" she exclaimed on hearing about it, "you paid that! And it is not worth ten cents!"

"Why, shure not!" heartily agreed an Irish neighbor: "I'd burn it up for kindling if I had it. Two bones it had for spindles, do ye see, two plain meat bones without a bit of carving and smoothing, except by hungry teeth, and one lost on the way. Instid o' payin' charges, it's a suit we'd ought to bring against the express-company. The idea of thim sendin' it up here maimed and wounded, one of its bones clean gone!"

Lacking in both bones and wood is this awkward, monstrous creature, made of brown basketry, with a basket hat and a

hideous basket nose, which bulks darkling in an eastern window, a monument to misplaced activity. We are relieved to learn that it is here because a Scandinavian friend of the House made it as a masquerade costume for his son. At any rate, the figure crouches beside the window, an anomaly humped and hideous, a plain warning against things which are merely curious and ingenious.

Equally ingenious, but not merely so, is this carefully wrought model of a Japanese hand-loom, with the worker in national costume seated upon his bench before it. This brings to mind an unworked-out idea of Miss Addams;: she hopes sometime to have the living workers in the Museum dressed in their national and historic costume, as they go about their work. This Italian woman, with big gold ear-rings swinging against her dark and scrawny neck, patiently twirling the hand spindle hanging at her side, and skilfully drawing out the woolen thread with her long fingers, unconsciously carries out the idea. But the sweet-faced Irish woman near her, rocking the treadle of her spinning-wheel, with an invisible foot beneath a decent black skirt, her white Irish hands deftly twisting the thread, is altogether too respectable and modern to look her part. Her father was a famous broad-linen weaver, and she herself knows the process of linen-making from the breaking of the ground in order to sow the flax-seed, through the reaping, binding, spinning, weaving, and even dyeing, to the finished fabric. "But, shure, dear," she exclaims, "it is not your chemical dyeing at all, but the home-dyeing, that I know. We made the dyes ourselves from log-wood, and barks, and stuff we took out of the bogs of



A worker, victim and survivor

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old Ireland. But one thing I will say for it: it never faded as your high-toned dyes do."

Presently she tells her story. "Yes, we all spun and wove in the old country. It is not many of them that keeps it up now, except perhaps an old granny in a tucked-away corner that does it for the love of it; but when I was young, we dressed in flannel and linen from the skin out, and grew it all and made it all ourselves."

"And how did you happen to come here?" I asked.

Her serene face darkens. "Never will I forgive them that misled us to it!" she exclaims. "There in the old country we had our comforts, our own bit of land, my man making a dollar and a quarter the day, Irish money; a blissid union of ten children and never a shoe wanting to the foot of one of them. O, wirra the day that we left!—I landed here with a baby in my arms—crippled——"

"Crippled? how?" I cried.

She passed the question. "Yes, crippled. She is a hump-back, dear, eleven by now, and none higher than my waist. The next to the baby had the spinal meningitis soon after we landed and his reason fled; he has no mind since. The other eight were clinging to my skirts."

"And your husband? Is he dead?"

"No, worse luck! It is many a time I've wished he was. It is many a night I wish it now. He took to the strong drink."

"And what did you do?"

"I begged on the streets, dear. Oh, I can smile and laugh with the best when I am at work here, but there's something else in my heart." She turned to a young lady pupil, whom she was teaching to spin, unreeled the

broken thread, mended it, and set it right with a skilful touch or two. "No, I ain't discouraged," she told the young lady, in her soft, smooth voice, "for discouraging won't do for a pupil. You'll spin, dear, but it'll take a deal o' practice." A minute more and she and Mrs. Sweeney are speaking the Gaelic together, and laughing like two children. She dances a quiet shuffle under her decent skirts. "And can I dance?" she asks. "It is a good old Irish breakdown dancer I was in my young days. You should see me do a reel and a jig." Her hidden feet nimbly shuffle and whisper on the wooden floor; her clean-washed eyes dance behind her spectacles. But in a moment she sits at her wheel again, quietly twirling and twisting the linen thread, working for the sodden husband at home, the little crippled girl who came by her injury so mysteriously, and the boy with his mind gone.

We feel that this living woman—this worker and victim and survivor—is the most precious thing that the museum has shown us. Indeed, we suspect the founders of deliberate intention in placing her there, where she is not measured by petty, momentary standards, but by the laws which underlie human evolution. We catch a glimpse of the importance of her function in a historic industrial order; and while our minds leap to the new truth, our hearts thrill with a new sympathy.

Upstairs, in the auditorium of the House, these thoughts become more definite and these emotions strengthen to resolution; for there, crowded between eager listeners, who fill not only the three hundred fifty seats, but the stairway and the entire stage back of the speaker, we listen to one of a series of

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lectures on economic problems, a lecture which makes clear to us the connection between past and present. We get a broad view of labor conditions and their effect upon the mass of workers. Here is a significant list of the subjects that we find on the program: "Slave labor in the Roman Empire;" "From slavery to serfdom;" "The Guilds of the Middle Ages;" "Conditions of labor under the domestic system and under the factory;" "History of trades unions;" "Labor in competitive industries and in monopolistic ones." We listen also to a program of labor songs, rendered by the pupils of the Hull-House Music School, who sing to us an old Irish weaving song, a spinning song by Rheinberger, and finally a song composed for this purpose by Eleanor Smith. The words were written by a sweat-shop worker, Morris Rosenfeld, and the whole composition effects that difficult result: the interpretation by art of an existent condition. We are not surprised to learn that the Consumer's Leagues and other similar associations have urged the Music School to sing it before them, and have found it, so they say: "Not only inter-

pretative of an experience not remote from their own, but stirring and powerful in its moral appeal."

Stirred we are ourselves, as we squeeze slowly down the iron-stairs,肘ed by Hebrew, Greek, Finn, and Scot, feel the rush of the outside air upon our faces, and are thrust forth into the riotous city night. The crowded cable-cars clang their insistent way through the obstructing mass of vehicles; the dingy throng ebbs in and out of saloons and pawn-shops; a 10-20-30 theatre hangs a glittering reminder of "The Span of Life" down the broken vista of the street, and we turn for a last look through the broad windows of the Museum. We, too, wistful children of a half civilized state, look back through these windows into a warmed and lighted world of happy industry; and even while we shove and push for the best places, wish in our hearts that we were working within. The light and heat, even the joy of doing good work under right conditions, may be artificial and evanescent, but without, around us, all is struggle and clamor.

SUGGESTIONS

SUGGESTIONS FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM. BY ISABELLE AIKEN SINCLAIR

THE other day, at South Kensington, I was especially interested in the English embroideries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. I was surprised to find how closely they are related to the recently revived New England needlework of colonial times. Yet I soon saw that my surprise was unreasonable, for our grandmothers must have brought their fashions of handiwork from England, and looked to their English cousins to send them the patterns of that day, as they successively came into use.

The embroideries which I examined were of the home kind in which our grandmothers delighted. There were bed-coverings, garments for infants, work-bags, collars—all the little things made at home and for intimate home use. This English work was, much of it, done upon very serviceable materials, such as cotton or linen, and some of it had plainly held its beauty through many washings. There was embroidery all in white; the design being made with little bunches of cotton-wool quilted in between two thicknesses of the stuff, the pattern thick with cotton and the background quite flat. So our grandmothers made bed-quilts.

Other smaller pieces in white had cords quilted in between two thicknesses of cotton cloth, usually in a scroll pattern, and the background further ornamented with dots of the eyelet-hole work now again popular. There were white pieces in which the design was made entirely in thick bunches of French knots standing out against a flat background, like a little piece which I pos-

sess of my grandmother's work, and like a modern collar which I have just seen in France.

Quite beautiful bed-coverings were made of white cotton with an all-over pattern—a flower-scroll—in wools of many colors. There was another large piece worked in wool in red shades only, the washing having softened the colors without destroying their beauty. I was especially interested in large covers wrought on white linen, with outlining in a black silk hardly thicker than ordinary sewing silk. Perhaps, in our time, we should hesitate at the amount of work required, but the effect was very interesting. It was like a wood-cut, like the title-pages of old German books: a tracery of vines, flowers and foliage, which was not lessened in beauty when the silk had turned brown, or even where parts of the design had been worn away.

I noticed a cushion cover embroidered on white with quaint little bunches of flowers in many colors, the background strewn with a set pattern in gold outlining, as I supposed at first, but upon looking more closely I saw that it was yellow sewing-silk in fine back-stitching which gave this effect of gold.

There was also the eyelet-hole work again in fashion, now known in France as *broderie anglaise*. It is seen among these English pieces, and also in beautiful Venetian cloths of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in which squares of linen embroidered with simple rosette designs in cut-work, are set with squares of fine netting showing darned patterns.

In the Italian pieces combined with the beautiful needle-made lace, there is linen work in many simple and artistic patterns which the needlewoman of to-day might well

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imitate. It can be seen at any of the art museums. The *Musée de Cluny* in Paris is, of course, rich in such things. In America, too, beautiful examples exist in the Boston Art Museum, or in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

I was interested, also, in red and white patterns in cross-stitch and similar stitches, sometimes combined with drawn-work, seen in Spanish and Italian cloths of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, done in red cotton or silk, upon white linen, and evidently holding good through repeated washings. The patterns on modern Greek, Bulgarian and Roumanian embroidered pieces are not very different from some of this old Italian work. Even in the ancient Greek and Egyptian fragments, there are beautiful, and yet often very simple, designs giving useful suggestions for the artistic handiwork of to-day.

It is very pleasant to observe this enduring impulse to make beautiful the things destined for daily use, so evidently shared

by women of all times and countries, from Helen, Penelope, and other skilful ladies of even earlier periods down to our own times, in spite of all pessimists may like to say of the ugliness of modern life.

I have spoken of only one direction in which a great art museum, like that at South Kensington, is useful and suggestive to us. In pottery and porcelain, in carved wood, in stained glass, in illustration, there are treasures which must be of the greatest use to workers in each department. Among such great variety of examples of artistic workmanship in all materials, and illustrative of all schools, one feels how independent the artist really is of his materials, how little it matters what means he employs, what manner he pleases to adopt, or even may be compelled to adopt, as long as he appreciates beauty and sets himself to express it sincerely, without grudging labor and without falling into the over-elaboration which is affectation.

DIABOLUS EX MACHINA

DIABOLUS EX MACHINA. BY
ERNEST CROSBY

SOME years ago I saw in an English journal a picture of a horse treadmill engaged in threshing, and beneath it was the device, "Primitive Method of Threshing still in Use in the Scilly Islands." As it was the same method which we had always practised, I was filled with mixed shame and resentment. Was my own home at Haypoole to be coupled with the Scilly Isles, where, as is well known, the rare inhabitants eke out a miserable existence by taking in each other's washing? It was therefore with feelings of complacency that I received the suggestion that this year we thresh our oats by steam. The machinery arrived in two or three ponderous wagons, like a circus procession, and was duly installed. Two men came with it, one to run the engine and the other to feed the oats into the machine, but it required a small army of local talent to bring the oats down from the bays of the barn and to carry away the baskets of oats and the heaps of straw and of chaff, which piled up with miraculous rapidity.

Br-r-r-r-r-rrrr! what a hideous, noisy, filthy machine! One of the pleasures of farm-work is that you can talk as much as you like, but the din of this engine made conversation impossible and gave you a headache. We are rather proud of our barn and consider it a substantial edifice, for it is built of stone and measures one hundred fifty feet by fifty, but this infernal machinery shook it from top to bottom like an aspen leaf. Farm work is generally clean, but you never know how much dirt there is in a ton of oat straw until you thresh it out

by steam. A little bit of smut makes the air black, and you begin to wonder if any soil was left in the field. In a short time the men look like coal-heavers, their eyes turn red, their throats raw, and there is more or less coughing. Horses are sometimes sensible animals. We brought out the refractory ones and led them up as near as we could to the engine, in order that they might get acquainted with it; but they absolutely refused to cultivate friendly relations, and every nerve in their bodies protested against the transformation of a barn into a steam-factory.

For this was really what it was. We had unwittingly taken the factory system and planted it in the very midst of that most delightful of rural centers, a barn. We may be deluded into thinking that a factory is a respectable thing in the midst of ugly city back-alleys, but if you drop it down among cows and fowls and horses and hay and rye and ploughs and harrows, the monstrosity of it can no longer be concealed. And we had a little taste of the bad results of factory work on the workers, too. Our men are a strong, strapping lot, but they had to work much too fast to feed the black brute, and the "pace that kills," of which we are all so proud, was too much for them, and so was the horrid noise and dust. We threshed (or "thrashed," as the native dialect has it) for three days; but when it was all over, on the fourth day, the men looked as if they had been thrashed instead of the oats, and three were actually invalided, and the full force did not report again for duty for two or three days. I believe that in foundries and certain other factories the new hands are always made ill at first. I made some inquiries about the steam-threshers,—the men

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who own and run the machines at so much a bushel of oats threshed,—and I discovered that while they make more money than the ordinary farmer, they all die off in a few years, unless they are wise enough to sell out before it is too late. But apart from these highly practical results of steam farming, it was the ugliness of it which impressed me. Ugh! The memory of it has half spoiled the barn. It is as if we had called the devil from Sheol to do our work, and had somehow sold our souls in the bargain. From the bottom of my soul I hate machinery!

Think of the crimes of machinery! It has made the world ugly, and it has robbed work of all pleasure. Is that not indictment enough? I was coming into Schenectady on the train the other day at sundown, and the hideousness of it all burst upon me like a revelation,—whole blackened acres of railway tracks,—ashes and soot and smoke,—grimy engine houses,—and forbidding groups of factories alongside. How can hell surpass such a background?

And then the joylessness of the work. Here again it is hell. Can anyone enjoy factory life? The factory is simply a penal institution; it means so many hours a day of "hard labor," and it means also the atrophy of men's brains and the loss of all interest in a man's life-work. Men may indeed work voluntarily in factories for the sake of gain, but it is perhaps sadder that they should do it of their own volition than against their wills. To learn to love hell would be the last surrender to eternal death.

IN MARIGOLD TIME. BY ALICE M. RATHBONE

"**M**ARY'S plant," with its golden bloom, yields a glorious harvest. In garden values it is worth its weight in the most precious of metals, when, in the days of early autumn, we begin to house a shining crop, carrying it in by the armful. All the largest flower-holders are pressed into service to receive its wealth of bloom. Then, our simple rooms take on a look of opulence.



In the niche on the staircase landing a tall Jokonabi vase holds the brilliant yellow flowers in rich abundance, and, at the foot of the stairs, there are more of them in a Rookwood bowl. In big stoneware crocks for the fireplaces, in ginger-jars, blue-and-white jugs, dark green and rich brown pots, and in a copper-lustre pitcher—a treasured heirloom—we store our marigold riches. A golden bowl would be none too fine for our use, yet a homely brown jar sets off admirably the splendor of the flowers.

IN MARIGOLD TIME

Something in the nature of an aesthetic miracle was wrought last year in our living-room, when that unsightly contrivance for comfort, a steam radiator, was redeemed from ugliness while the marigolds lasted. That by any means whatever this unsightly necessity might become an adjunct of beauty seemed impossible, until, one day, debating where to place a *jardinière* filled with velvet-browns and orange, lemon, pure and tawny yellows, we tried it on the radiator, when it was at once transformed into a dull gold support for the mass of harmonizing color above it.

More than a thousand seedlings went to the making of our plantation, which is hedged about with that excellent dwarf marigold, called the "Legion of Honor." This variety is desirable not only in the garden, but in the arrangement of cut marigolds, branches of its dark green foliage are indispensable for screening the long stems of the large-flowered Africans; while its own pretty blossoms add to the display of gold.

Our discriminating neighbors receive sheaves of marigolds, from time to time, during the golden harvest, although we have made such gifts cautiously since the

occurrence of a crushing incident which happened long ago. On the occasion of a harvest festival, the villagers were asked to bring tributes of fruit and flowers to adorn the church, and for my personal offering I chose a mass of marigolds, which, as I believed, caused one window to glow with something of the richness of stained glass. Beneath it, when adorned, a most estimable soul and I happened to meet. "Who could have brought such smelling things as marigolds?" said she. By this exclamation I was pained, much as one who hears a well-loved friend criticised. I was impressed by the strength of flower prejudices, as well as by the particular need of discretion in dispensing marigolds.

The unusual splendor of our last year's display must be partly attributed to the coal strike, of which one beneficent result may be thus chronicled: namely, a supply of wood ashes sufficient to cover the entire garden. Probably it never occurred to one of the old alchemists that ashes could be transmuted into gold. But in Nature's crucible this is easily done, as she now proves in these golden blooms, which, once mere pot-herbs in the kitchen garden, now hold a favored place among the flowers.

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JAPANESE PORCELAINS. BY RANDOLPH I. GEARE, NATIONAL MUSEUM, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE first importation into Europe of Japanese ceramic wares occurred about the middle of the sixteenth century, through trading vessels plying between Japan and Portugal. For at least a thousand years earlier, however, porcelain had been made in Japan, and there are authorities who believe that the date of its earliest manufacture in that country was coincident with the introduction of Buddhism from China, by way of Korea. Nor does this seem unreasonable, since the establishment of a new and ornate religion would naturally tend toward the introduction of men of culture, familiar with those arts which contributed to the adornment of their temples and religious ceremonies. By the beginning of the seventh century, Buddhism had become firmly rooted in Japan, and one writer states that during the reign of Tentsi (662-672 A. D.) a Buddhist monk, Gyoguy, whose ancestors were Koreans, made known to the inhabitants of the province of Idsoumi the secret of manufacturing translucent pottery. It is also known that as early as 649 A. D., Emperor Kotoku decreed that taxes might be paid in porcelain articles, which announcement doubtless lent a fresh impetus to its production. From that time until near the close of the sixteenth century, little is definitely known of the advance made in the porcelain industry of Japan. But, in 1598, Hideyoshi, returning victorious from his invasion of Korea, brought back with him some of the best native potters of that country, and it can hardly be doubted that the rapid develop-

ment of the industry in Japan subsequent to that date, is largely traceable to the advanced condition which it had previously attained in Korea.

A detailed discussion of the merits of the numerous kinds of porcelain made in Japan would manifestly be impossible in a magazine article, but it may prove interesting to name a few of the most typical ones and briefly to describe their principal characteristics.

The province of Hizen seems to have been preëminent in the manufacture of porcelain, perhaps for the reason that the best materials were found there; the principal supply of the coveted petro-siliceous rock being obtained from Idsumi-Yama (Mountain of Springs), in the neighborhood of Arita. The decoration of Hizen wares at that early period was confined to designs in blue under the glaze, for the method of applying vitrifiable enamels over the glaze was not discovered until half a century later, when Higashidori Tokuzayemon learned it from the master of a Chinese junk in the harbor of Hagasaki. An important advance was made in the manufacture of Hizen wares by one of Tokuzayemon's workmen, who, after much experimenting, produced a paste so fine and pure that, when struck, it gave out a rich, bell-like sound. His style of decoration, too, was very beautiful, including floral medallions, representations of the dragon, phoenix, birds fluttering about sheaves of corn, etc. Speaking generally of old Hizen ware, it may be said that the paste was hard, of uniform texture, and of a pure white color. The decorations were almost always in red, blue and gold, while chrysanthemums and peonies were constantly entwined, so as to cover the entire surface

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with a scroll-like ornamentation. One famous authority, writing of old blue Hizen ware, describes it as decorated in a bold and artistic manner, with floral and conventional designs, executed in an intense blue, almost approaching black in the shadows, and a cold purple in the lights.

The factories of Owari produced many varieties of porcelain and also certain kinds of *faïence*. The blue and white specimens, occasionally seen, are of great beauty, while the quality of the paste, which is softer than that of Hizen, is fine and very transparent.

imagine the demand which must have arisen there for lacquered boxes, cabinets, ivory carvings and delicate porcelains. The law which forbade the Mikado to eat or drink twice from the same vessels, must also have been responsible for the manufacture of a considerable amount of pottery; nor was any one else allowed to use these vessels. They were therefore broken up as soon as they had served the purpose for which they were made. Kioto is situated in the province of Yamashiro, and is one of the five localities in which pottery was made perhaps



Kioto

Satsuma

Imari
(Hizen)

Kutani

It may be of interest to note that, although not the leading porcelain district, Owari has the distinction of having furnished the general name by which all porcelain and earthenware are known in Japan, namely: "Seto-mono;" "Seto" being a place in Owari where most of the wares are made, and "Mono" signifying "articles" or "things."

Viewed from the standpoint of antiquity, the Kioto potteries deserve special notice, for this province was the center of the arts and of all the principal religious festivals for many centuries. It is therefore easy to

as early as the fifth century. Porcelain was manufactured in Kioto about sixty years after its introduction into Hizen. In 1650, Nonomura Ninsei established himself there and constructed several kilns. He had a genius for decorating pottery, and in his hands Kioto *faïence* became an object of rare beauty. Not only was his paste close and hard, but the almost circular crackle of the buff, or cream-colored, glaze was nearly as regular as a spider's web. The commonest pieces he made were of a hard, close-grained clay, verging upon brick-red. In

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others the color was a yellowish gray, while the texture was nearly as fine as that of pipe-clay. Among his monochrome glazes was a metallic black, run over a grass-green, in such a way that the latter showed just enough to prevent the effect from being too sombre. Owing to Ninsei's remarkable productions, decorated *faïence* became the rage, and in some parts of Kioto nearly every house had its own workshop and kiln.

Ninsei also originated the manufacture of *faïence* in Awata, a district of the eastern part of Kioto. The only examples now ex-

tea-drinking (Chanoyu). The cream-tinted *faïence* of Awata is the most generally known of the wares produced in Kioto, but a great variety of other kinds were also made, including vases, water-pots, *hibatchis*, perfume-boxes, etc., decorated with some simple ornamentation, such as delicate scroll and leaf work.

To Satsuma ware is commonly accorded the first place among all Japanese *faïences*, *i. e.*, the genuine ware, which must not be confounded with the mass of showy objects bearing that name, which have been exported



Kenzan

Awata
(Kioto)

Kenzan

Hivado

Nabesima

tant of his wares appear to be a few small tea-bowls, boxes, and certain ceremonial objects. Ogata Sansei was another noted potter of Kioto. He was a painter of considerable promise, but his preference lay in the ornamentation of pottery. His designs were principally in black, russet-brown and blue, colored enamels and gold. His best pieces were marked with the name "Kenzan." Ameya, who came from Korea and settled in Kioto in 1550, was also celebrated. He originated the Raku ware, which is especially interesting from its association with

to this country and Europe during the last twenty years or so, and which differ in many essential points from the beautiful products so highly prized by all Japanese connoisseurs. Satsuma ware dates back to 1598, when Shimazu Yoshihiro, chieftain of Satsuma, on his return from the invasion of Korea, brought with him a large number of skilful workmen. Subsequently some of these men settled at Chôsa, in the province of Osumi, and here the world-renowned ware was made. Sometimes Korean models were copied, covered with glaze of green, yellow

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or black. Its chief beauty lay in the glaze, of which two, three and sometimes four coats were applied. In the latter part of the seventeenth century, the Prince of Sasshiu established a factory in the grounds of his own castle, and a number of pieces intended only for private use or as presents, were made. The celebrated Tangen was engaged to decorate these pieces, and certain specimens, known to this day as *Satsuma-Tangen*, are amongst the first treasures of Japanese collectors. It is said that a genuine Satsuma tea-jar can be readily identified by a mark known as *ito-giri*, left on the bottom by the thread with which the potter severed the piece from the clay out of which it had been modeled. It has also been counterstated that such a mark is found on all well made Japanese tea jars; but it should be carefully noted that, as the Korean potters who settled in Satsuma turned the throwing-wheel with the left foot, while potters at other factories turned it with the right foot, the spiral of the Satsuma thread-mark is from left to right, while the others are from right to left.

Speaking generally, it may be said that the ware now commonly known as Satsuma *faïence* is of a light tint, ranging between greyish-white and vellum. The paste is very hard and close in texture. After being dried, it is burnt at a moderate heat and is then dipped into the glazing composition, being finally fired at a high temperature. On cooling, the surface becomes covered with a network of minute cracks, a condition in which the Japanese delight, as it presents excellent opportunities for colored decoration. This *faïence* is called *Tsuchi-Yaki*, signifying clay-ware, to distinguish it from porcelain.

The town of Kuwana, in the province of Ise, is said to have been the seat of manufacture of the Banko ware, although several varieties of porcelain, *faïence*, and stoneware were, and are still, produced in this province. The Banko ware is, however, probably the most important and highly prized of them all. This is a hard stoneware, usually potted by hand, and fired at a great heat. The specimens most commonly seen are of small size, and generally in the form of tea-pots. The paste, which consists of various low-toned colors, such as drabs, browns, and dull reds, is manipulated very thin by the fingers and is finished without glazing; being so perfectly vitrified in the kiln as to render the protection of a varnish unnecessary. The principal feature of Banko ware consists in its decoration by means of numerous stamped seals or marks. It is also occasionally decorated with flowers, birds, and figures in highly raised, opaque enamels. None of the Ise *faïence*, however, is equal to that of Satsuma, either in point of material, or of artistic treatment. A special kind of the ware is called *Yedo Banko*, which is light-colored and rather soft.

The province of Kaga appears to have been the seat of important potteries from very early times, and the factories of more than one district are still in operation. Almost every known piece of Kaga ware is marked with the Kutani inscription, signifying "nine valleys," and so-called from the fact that it is situated among a group of hills. The manufacture of Kaga pottery, however, is not confined to Kutani, for, according to a recently published report, it is now also made in the towns of Terai and Yamashiro. In the older Kaga wares the

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pastes are hard, apparently between *faïence* and porcelain: the tone in very choice examples is of an ivory tint, while the glaze is soft both to the eye and touch. The decorations are done in a red of great depth and refinement, and are slightly hatched with gold. The latter is not the pure metal, but probably one of the copper alloys, or yellow bronzes, for which the Japanese metallurgists have always been famous. It becomes so well fixed by firing that the color lasts a very long time. The paste used for this ware in a later, or middle, period, was of a

artistic excellence is concerned, although there appears to be a greater perfection in the potting, and a better quality of porcelain. Red and gold decorations continue to be used, but apparently the results are not so refined on the highly finished surface of the pure white paste, as on the early ivory-tinted materials. This fact probably accounts for the introduction of warmer colors—browns, etc.,—into the Kaga ware of the later period. Masses of minute dot-work are also present for the purpose of softening the appearance of the white



Higo or
Yatsushiro

Kutani

Ninsei
(Kenzan)

Hirado

Banko

Bizen

hard and close-grained material: in fact, very nearly a perfect porcelain, although not translucent. Among the styles of decorations usually seen on basins and cups of this period are overlapping medallions of different shapes and containing figures, landscapes and floral designs, dragons, fishes and sea-weed. Solid grounds of red, decorated with gold scroll-work, are also commonly introduced on the medallions, while leaf-borders are found almost invariably around the stands of basins and cups. In the latest period of Kaga ware there is noticeable a decided deterioration, as far as

grounds. Another class of decoration of this period consists of grounds of red covered with scroll-work, etc., somewhat similar in style to the celebrated works of Yei-raku, of Kioto.

There are several other provinces in Japan in which potteries of more or less importance exist, such as Bizen, noted for its white porcelain. But the most characteristic ware of this district is a brown stoneware, from which a great variety of grotesque figures, including images of Japanese saints and household gods, as well as of animals, is made. In the province of Omi,

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articles of common stoneware, or earthenware, are produced in considerable numbers. In Iwashiro both porcelain and earthenware are made, principally for the home market. A porcelain of good quality is produced in the province of Mino. It is decorated in blue and in a general way resembles that of Owari. In the province of Tamba a porcelain is made, which the Japanese regard as resembling European work. Potteries of

still less importance are to be found in the provinces of Nagato, Suwo, Buzen, Owsumi, Idsumo, Totomi, Chikuzen, Higo, Souma, etc. The illustrations accompanying this article are from photographs of some of the choicest specimens in the United States National Museum, and are reproduced by permission of the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.

CHINESE PORCELAINS. BY RAN-DOLPH I. GEARE

WITH the present dynasty there was ushered in a decided renewal of activity in the production of porcelains.

The great factories at Chingte-chen, which had long been closed, were reopened as soon as the Manchu emperors became firmly established on the throne. Emperors

K'anghsi (1662-1722) and his two successors, Yungcheng (1723-1735) and Chienlung (1736-1795), advanced the ceramic art to a higher degree than ever before had been attained; the interval between 1698 and 1773 being especially notable for the excellence of the porcelain produced, and for the artistic character of the decorations.

During Chienlung's reign, there became noticeable quite a radical change in the ornamentation of porcelain, due probably to



K'anghsi bowls

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the influence of foreign designs, and especially of those imported from Persia to be copied in China.

It was about that time, too, that European nobles and men of wealth conceived the idea of ordering services of porcelain from China, bearing their family arms. Thus, we find that plates bearing the arms

spite of many internal troubles, considerable attention was given to the ceramic art. The porcelain made for this emperor's own use compared favorably with that manufactured during the reign of some of his more worthy predecessors, and is at the present day much sought after by Chinese connoisseurs.



Teapot and cups, Chienlung

of England, France and the Netherlands, and still preserved at the Hague, date from the first half of K'anghsi's reign, although the great majority of such productions was of somewhat later origin.

Chienlung was succeeded by his son Chiaching (1796-1820), and all art languished under his feeble rule; but under his second son, Taokuang (1821-1850), in

The latest period of note in this connection included the years 1862 to 1874, when T'ungchih was emperor. There was a marked renewal of vigor in the porcelain industry and much attention was paid to its improvement. The same remark also applies to the next reign, which began in 1875. Some of the decorations in sepia are of a high order of merit, and another

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Pencil holder and two wine cups: white Kū Yuch-hsüan vitreous ware

style much in favor consisted of flowers and butterflies in black and white, on a pale turquoise ground.

In still more recent years a conspicuous advance has been made in the reproduction of the *famille verte* decoration, and of plum blossom on black grounds.

The pieces of porcelain shown in this article represent the highest types of development in both shape and decoration. They belong to the famous Hoppisley collection, now on exhibition in the National Museum at Washington, and have been selected as typical of some of the favorite forms and styles of decoration in vogue during the principal periods of the present dynasty.

Until the latter half of the sixteenth century, the word "porcelain" was applied to certain shells, mother-of-pearl, oriental pottery, and even to Italian *faïence*, as well as

to real porcelain. Its Chinese equivalent, "tz'u," also had various meanings at different times, being defined as "earthenware" about the year 100 A. D., while nine centuries later it signified "hard fine-grained pottery." In the district of Tz'u-chou, a kind of porcelain was made during the Sung dynasty (960-1259), which enjoyed a very high reputation. It was a plain white product, known as Tz'u-ware, which brought exceedingly high prices.

As to the antiquity of true porcelain there are many opinions, some assigning its earliest production to the Han dynasty, and probably between the years 185 B. C. and 87 A. D., while others assert that porcelain earth came into use for the manufacture of pottery during the T'ang period and between 536 A. D. and 650 A. D. Again, other authorities, basing their belief prob-

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ably on legendary records, hold that porcelain was manufactured as far back as the days of Emperor Huang-ti, who is said to have reigned for a hundred years from 2697 B. C. Emperor Yu-ti-shun, another monarch of the legendary period, is credited with having made porcelain with his own hands, before going to the throne in 2255 B. C.

In connection with the succeeding dynasty (Chou), mention appears in the rec-

er antiquity can be claimed for the manufacture of true porcelain than the reign of the Han dynasty, as already suggested.

Early in the nineteenth century, some small porcelain bottles were found in Egyptian tombs, dating from at least 1800 B. C. and this gave instant rise to the theory that the manufacture of true porcelain must have existed in China anteriorly to that date. It is said, however, that the inscriptions on these bottles were written in a style



Two plates Chienlung porcelain; pencil-holder of pure white porcelain, an exceptionally fine specimen

ords of an "official director of pottery." The process of fashioning on the wheel and molding were clearly distinguished, and sacrificial wine-jars, altar-dishes, coffins, cooking utensils, and measuring implements are recorded among the articles then produced. Another group of writers, including not a few Chinese critics, have protested that the productions of those ancient days could have been nothing but earthenware—possibly glazed—and that no great-

which was not introduced until the year 48 B. C., while later they were identified, if report be true, as quotations from poems written as late as the seventh century of the Christian era!

All this is very confusing although entertaining, and the reader is left to choose for himself as to the actual date of the origin of porcelain.

Probably the oldest pieces of Chinese porcelain now extant were made during the

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Sung dynasty (960-1259 A. D.), and the principal kinds then made were the Ju-yao or Juchou, Kuan-yao, Ting-yao, Lung-ch'uan, Ko-yao or Chang-yao, Chün-yao, and others of less prominence. Some of these, such as the finest specimens of Juchou, included very delicate plates and bowls, with either plain or crackled surface, and with the ornamentation under the paste. The Kuan-yao was the official porcelain, some pieces of which were pale white, like the moon; some, pale bluish-green, and others dark green. This porcelain was sometimes crackled so finely as to resemble crabs' claws.

During the next dynasty (Yüan, from 1260 to 1349) the manufacture of porcelain seems to have fallen behind, excepting in the case of objects produced for the special use of the Emperor; while in the Ming dynasty (1368-1649), considerable progress was made in the ceramic industry, both as to the fineness of the ware and the excellence of the decorations. It is to the early part of this dynasty that the ornamentation of wares with arabesques and scroll-work, landscapes, historical scenes, etc., is commonly ascribed.

Porcelain consists of two essential parts: the one fusible, the other infusible. The former is the paste (*pâte*), which forms the body of the object; the latter is the glaze, which gives transparency, and prevents porousness or the possibility of the object contracting under the influence of heat. The paste, which may be hard or soft, is made up of clays. These are classified according to their degree of plasticity and fusibility. The best of them all is kaolin, which is a white aluminum silicate produced by the decomposition of certain kinds of

rock, and it is almost infusible. The soft paste contains limestone products or alkalis, which lower its degree of fusibility, so that it becomes fusible, or at least soft, at a temperature of 800° centigrade. A number of minor divisions grew out of these two, determined by the kind of glaze used, which according to its composition and mode of application is termed *vernis*, *émail*, or *couverte*. The thin glaze (*vernis*) is found on the pottery of the Etruscans, ancient Arabians, Persians, and the early inhabitants of America. In the fifteenth century *émail* (white enamel) was discovered in Italy. It is a mixture of salt, lead and tin. Under this head come the majolicas and *faïences*, ancient and modern. The *couverte* glaze is confined to porcelain proper.

In China, porcelains are not cast, but shaped by hand, showing marvelous dexter-



Vase of white Chienlung porcelain, with imperial fire-clawed dragons on white ground

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ity, especially in the manufacture of thin jars and cups, known as "egg-shell" porcelain. European porcelain, on the contrary, is cast, and the process is known as *moulage en barbotine*. Chinese porcelains, like those made in Japan, are covered with compound glazes, obtained by a mixture of substances, of which the proportions vary according to the nature of the article; lime being added to render the product more fusible.

In an excellent paper on the subject of Chinese porcelains by Mr. A. E. Hippisley, of the Imperial Maritime Customs Service of China, the author describes the method of applying the glaze to a cup in the following words: "It is held by the outside, slanting over the basin containing the

liquid glaze. Enough of the glaze is then thrown on the outside to cover the surface. This is called 'aspersion.' The outside is then immersed in the liquid, the workman dexterously keeping the vessel in equilibrium with the hand and a small stick. The foot having remained in its original state, the vessel is then carried, covered as it is with glaze, to the wheel, in order that the foot may be hollowed out and finished; a mark in color is added in the hollowed portion, which is then covered with glaze. When the ware is too delicate to be treated in this manner, the glaze is applied by 'insufflation.' A piece of gauze, attached to a hollow tube, having been plunged in the colored glaze (red or blue), or uncolored glaze, the workman scatters the liquid from



Vases of pure white Yungchéng porcelain

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Vase of pure white K'anghsi porcelain. A child, holding a lotus flower, is being presented to a Rishi, dressed in embroidered robes of pink and holding in his hand the peach of the genii

the gauze upon the vessel by blowing through the opposite end of the tube three, four, or even as many as eighteen times."

Next comes the baking process. Large pieces of porcelain are placed one by one, by means of a contrivance made of cords and sticks, inside of a separate vessel made of refractory material and called a "seggar." This vessel protects the delicate porcelain from injury, by coming into direct contact with the heat or gases of combustion. Small porcelains are placed, several together, in one "seggar," the floor under each being covered with a layer of sand and

kaolin refuse, to prevent adhesion. The "seggars" are piled on a layer of gravel, with which the bottom of the kiln is filled. The finest pieces are placed in the middle. The piles of "seggars" are then bound together, and the door of the oven is bricked up. A low fire is kept for the first twenty-four hours, after which the heat is increased. At the top of the kiln are several small holes covered over with broken pots. One of them is opened when the porcelain is believed to be sufficiently baked.

After the baking comes the decorating of the object, and in doing this two classes of colors are used, i. e., *de grand feu* and *de moufle*. In the former, as much heat is necessary for the vitrification of the colors as in baking. In the latter, a much lower temperature is sufficient, and the colors used are



Vase of white porcelain, decorated with storks, on and around rocks, near which are growing peonies and a large shade tree

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Vases of pure white K'anghsi porcelain. The characters on the smaller specimen denote long life and happiness, the center medallion containing mythological personages

therefore called *de moufle*, or "of the enameler's furnace." It is this class which permits the faithful reproduction of old oil-paintings.

In the colors *de grand feu* there is a large variety of "grounds." Thus, the blue decoration under the glaze is made with the brush on the unbaked porcelain; the coloring matter being peroxide of cobaltiferous manganese. The red grounds are regarded by many as the result of accident rather

than of design. Other shades are obtained by the use of oxide of iron, *e. g.*, *fond laque*, the tone of which depends upon the amount of oxide used, and the nature of the gas surrounding the vessel in the kiln.

Black grounds are produced either by the thickness of the colored glaze, by laying several shades of different colors one on the other; or by laying blue glaze on a brown *laque*, or *vice versa*. Again, some colors, such as violet, turquoise blue, yellow and

THE CRAFTSMAN HOUSE

green, are applied on the porcelain after it has been fired at a high temperature. In these various coloring matters the oxides are dissolved; not mixed, as in Europe. This it is which so closely connects the Chinese colors with enamels; while the thickness of their application gives the "relief" effect, which could not otherwise be obtained.

THE CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, NUMBER IX, SERIES OF 1904

THE Craftsman House, Number IX, is here presented in the belief that its plan shows an excellent disposition of space, while its exterior stands well within the limits of the simplicity which is advocated by the magazine; offering, at the same time, a sufficiency of pleasing and picturesque detail. It is a house designed for location in any city permitting detached residences, and it requires a lot having a frontage of at least seventy feet.

The house is approached from the street by an ascent of wide, slowly-rising stone steps mounting to the level of a broad terrace, which extends across the front, and which, being roofed and carried around the side, forms a covered porch leading to the entrance. The masonry of this terrace, together with the exterior walls of the first story and the chimneys, are of gray limestone, roughly faced, laid in lime mortar, and showing wide joints; thus producing by means of the faces of the fractured stone and the white of the mortar a color effect to which the eye returns again and again with increasing pleasure.

The terrace is accented by dies built of

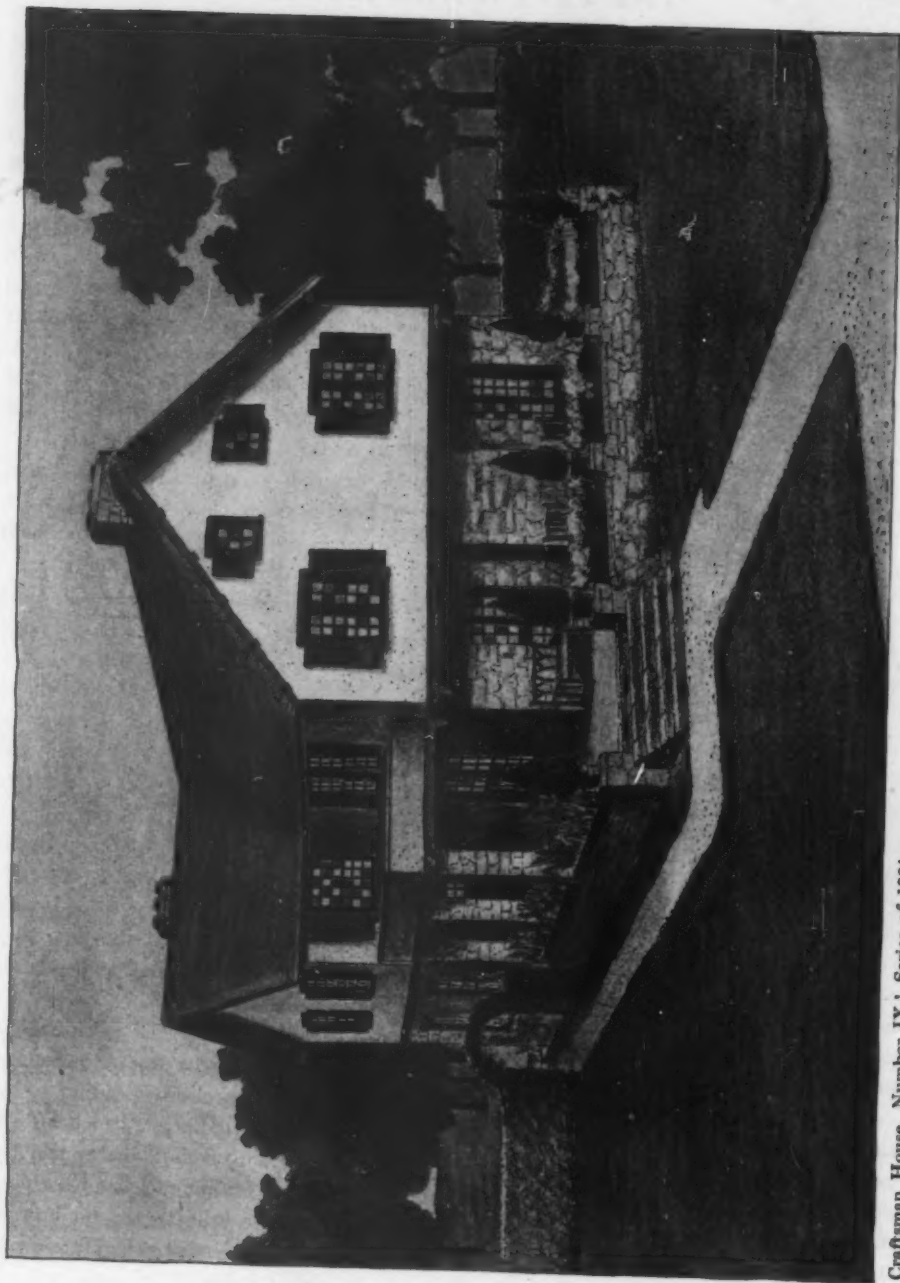
masonry, spaced at regular intervals along the outer edge, and so constructed that they support the ends of wooden flower-boxes set between them and raised high enough above the concrete of the terrace to permit it being flooded by the hose. The flower-boxes are stained similarly to all the other exterior woodwork, and, when filled with growing plants, they form an effective and beautiful screen, protecting the occupants of the terrace from the street, and also interesting the passer-by. At the side, the dies become the supporting piers of the covered portico.

The exterior walls of the second story, as well as the gable ends, are covered with plaster containing a proportion of cement which insures a prevailing tone of gray.

The roof is covered with shingles laid in narrow courses and left to acquire "accidents" of color and surface through the action of the weather. A further element of picturesqueness is secured by curving the shingles of the gable ends over and downward, in such a way as to imitate somewhat closely the effect of thatch.

The windows are carefully placed, wide and low, and are glazed with small rectangular panes. Those of the second story are fitted with solid, batten shutters, they are hung on wrought hinges, and secured by catches of quaint design.

The entrance at the side gives into a well-lighted vestibule having a coat-closet adjoining, and an arch-way leading to the stair-hall. From the latter, which affords the key to the entire plan, there open the living room, the dining room and the den; while the passage beneath the landing of the main stair-way leads to the kitchen and to the basement stairs.



Craftsman House, Number IX.; Series of 1904

THE CRAFTSMAN HOUSE



Craftsman House, Number IX., Series of 1904. Front elevation

THE woodwork of the living room, dining room and hall is chestnut, stained to a warm and lively gray, chording with the cold note of the same color struck by the fire-place, which is built from the same gray limestone as the exterior walls and chimneys. In this room, the plaster of the side walls is left with a rough sand finish, and stained to a rich, deep red. The wall space is divided into panels by strips of wood running from the base to the ceiling, and, at the proper places, forming the window casings. The plaster ceiling, tinted to a cream color, is beamed with four wide shallow strips, having beside a half beam at the angle between the side wall and the ceiling. The window seat flanked with bookcases, and occupying one end of the room, repeats the red of the side walls; while the cream colored curtains for the three-fold window above it echo the tint of the ceiling. Another pleasing repetition occurs in the doors of the book-cases, the many panes of which correspond

with the scheme of glazing used in the windows.

The fittings of the room are completed by hand-wrought iron lanterns which, suspended from the beams, diffuse a soft light through their shades of straw-colored glass.

It may be added that here, as in the living room, the dining room and the hall, the floor is of oak, stained to a very dark gray, which in shadow suggests the tone and the texture of ebony. The floor so treated offers an admirable background for a large Donegal rug showing soft greens, "picked out" with touches of dull reds and yellows. There are also two small "rag" rugs of dull yellow body, with a band of dark green at either end and a few threads of brilliant red running through the center. These are placed before the glazed doors opening upon the terrace, affording at these points the high lights necessary to the otherwise too heavy scheme of color. By this skilful means a proper background is prepared for the movable furniture of

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Craftsman House, Number IX., Series of 1904. Side elevation

dark gray "fumed" oak, provided with leather cushions of a red matching that of the side walls.

THE dining room is wainscoted in V-jointed gum wood, stained gray, reaching to a height of fifty-four inches and terminating in a very simple cap. Above this point, the side walls are tinted to an olive tone; while the ceiling, between the shallow beams, shows a pale lemon-green. The doors with their large square, slightly beveled panels, have an old-time attractiveness, and the general effect of comfort is further enhanced by the semi-circular bay which occupies the greater portion of one side of the room and, in fine weather, floods it with sunlight.

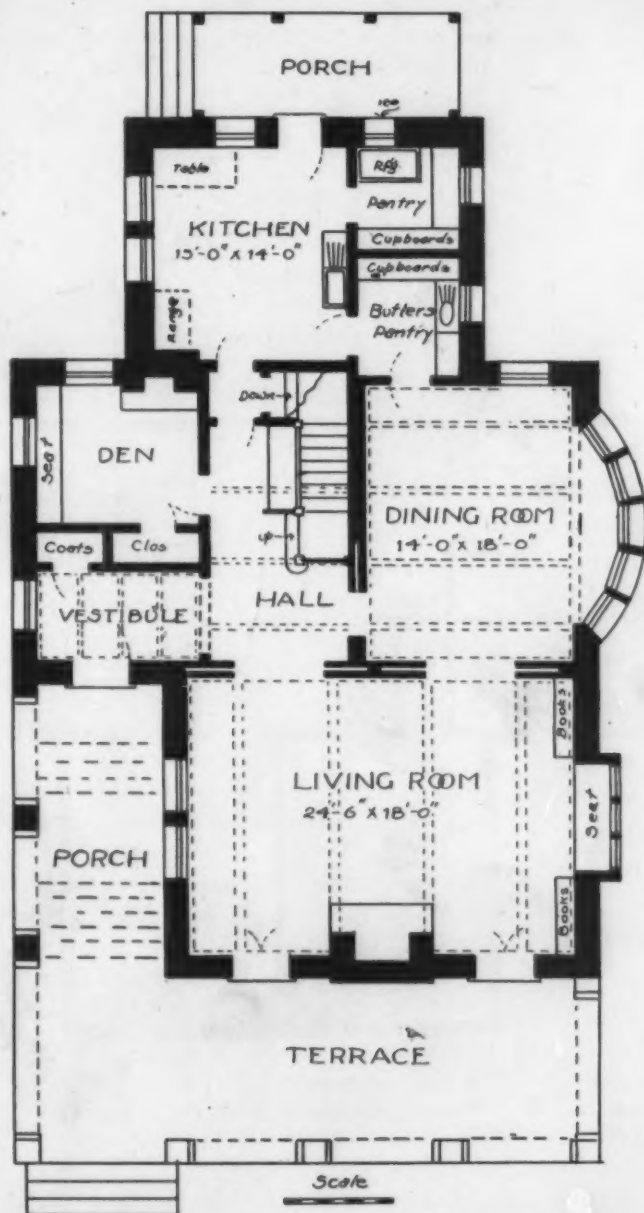
Here the rugs are of solid colors with olive-green centers, and with yellow borders introducing fillets of dull red. The movables are once more of gray "fumed" oak; the chairs with rush seats adding to the scheme a note of yellowish green, which is again struck higher and sharper by the electrolier suspended above the table. This

fixture has a brass frame bound by a deep fringe of straw-colored beads and holding an opalescent shade, which displays tones varying from lemon yellow to olive green.

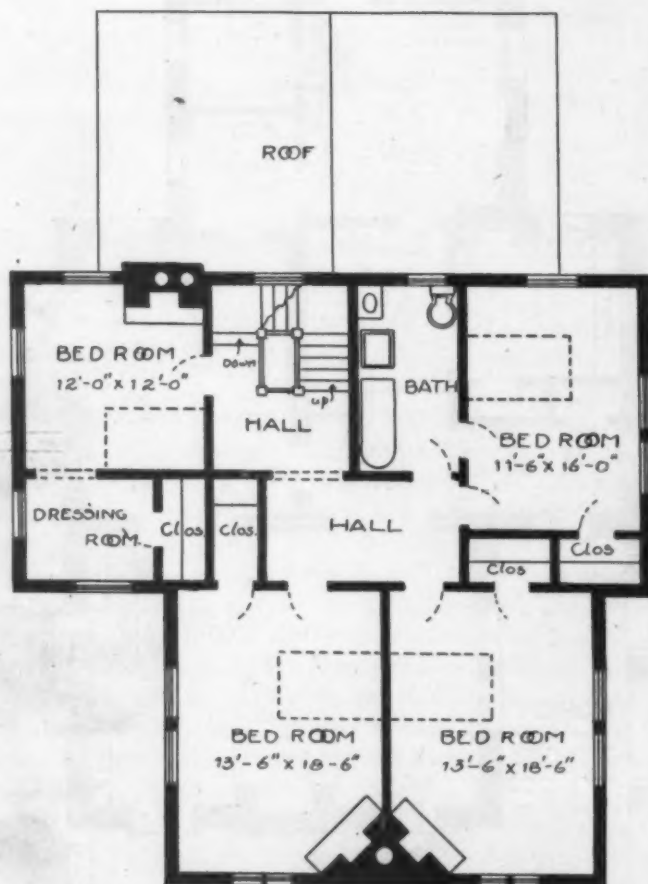
In the "Den," the walls are covered with moss-green Craftsman canvas, and the woodwork is of nut-brown "fumed" oak. The seat occupying one entire side is cushioned in dark red, harmonizing with the bricks of the fire-place, which run a scale of color from reds which are almost black to those which are practically yellow. The brick are, furthermore, as irregular and diverse in shape as in color, and they are set in black mortar, with wide, open joints.

THE hall and vestibule show the same color scheme as the living room, and this, again repeated in the second story hall, gives to the more open portion of the house an inviting, hospitable appearance.

The kitchen with its accessories is quite complete, the pantry having ample refrigerator space and an opening from the rear



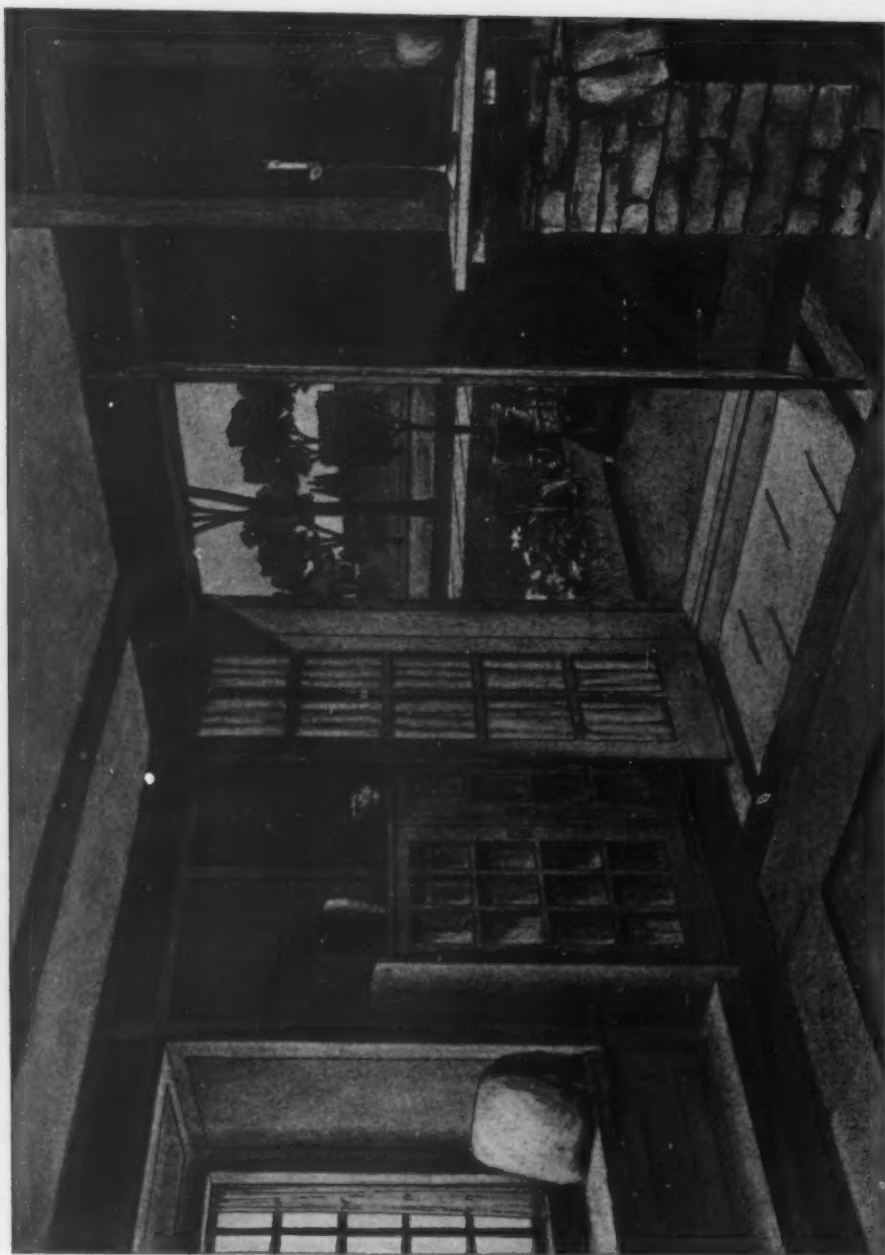
Craftsman House, Number IX., Series of 1904. Plan of first floor



Craftsman House, Number IX., Series of 1904. Plan of second floor



Craftsman House, Number IX., Series of 1904. Dining room



Craftsman House, Number IX., Series of 1904. Living room

THE CRAFTSMAN HOUSE

porch, through which the ice supply can be renewed. There is also a butler's pantry, furnished with all conveniences, and lighted by large windows. In this portion of the house, the oak woodwork is filled, left in its natural color, and varnished, while the floors are oiled.

On the second floor, the rooms are arranged about a rectangular hall, and by this means are made very accessible and convenient. Of these four rooms, three are provided with fire-places; the two at the front having the mantel and hearth faced with Grueby tiles; the one at the rear having a simple brick chimney-piece. Throughout these rooms the woodwork—exclusive of the doors, which are of chestnut like the "trim" of the hall—is finished in old ivory; while the floors are maple, treated with a solution of iron which assures a soft gray tone. The furniture is of fumed oak, and the textiles show rich browns, blues, and dull yellows.

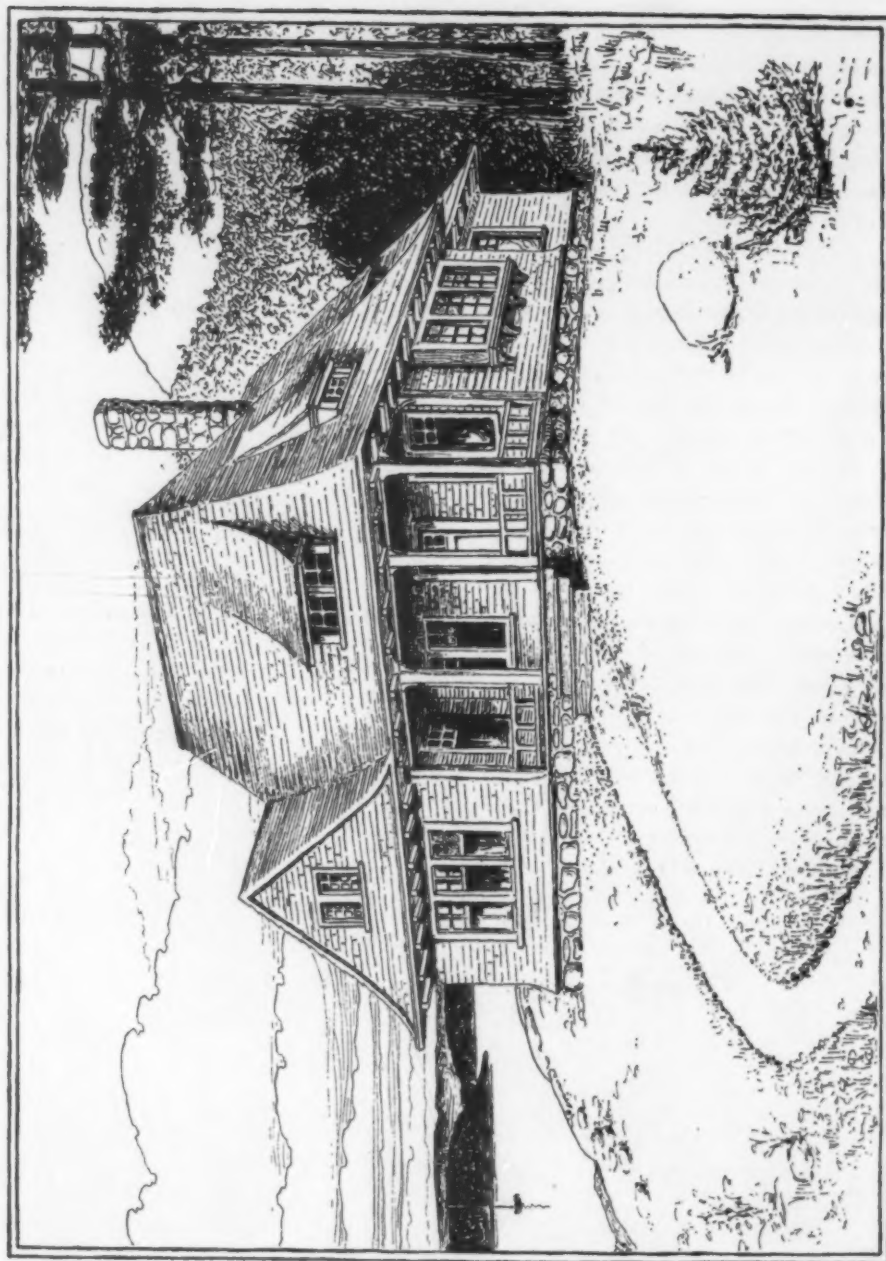
One of the two front bedrooms is decorated with a stenciled frieze in yellow, harmonizing with the deep cream ceiling above it. Here, the tiling is also yellow, the floor

rug is in greens and blues, and the curtains are of cream linen, printed with a poppy design in old rose, green and blue. Against the background thus formed the simple furniture of gray oak defines its pleasing contours.

The second front bedroom is treated, as to the walls and tiling, in greens approaching gray, while the contrast of corresponding reds is introduced in rugs, draperies and pillows.

One bedroom at the rear shows a decorative scheme of turquoise blue and pale green, while the adjacent bath, tiled in white to the height of five feet, has its walls tinted in the soft, light, old rose shade which accords so well with delicate greens and blues.

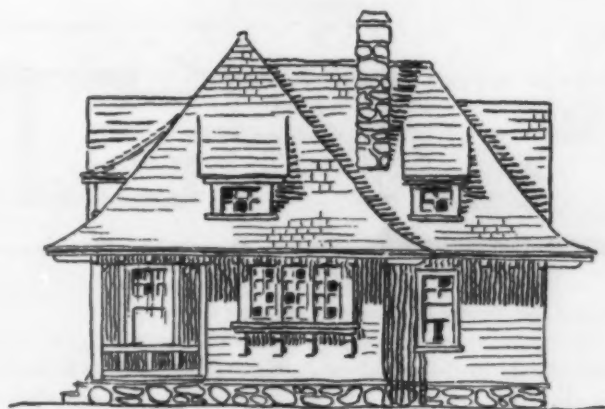
In reviewing the plans and schemes for the House Number IX. those interested in domestic architecture and decoration can not do otherwise than acknowledge them to be among the most successful of the Craftsman series of 1904. Nor is the cost prohibitive, since, in any locality of the United States this should not pass the limit of \$7,200.



Craftsman House, Number IX.a., Series of 1904. Perspective view



Craftsman House, Number IXa, Series of 1904. Front elevation



Craftsman House, Number IXa, Series of 1904. Side elevation

THE CRAFTSMAN

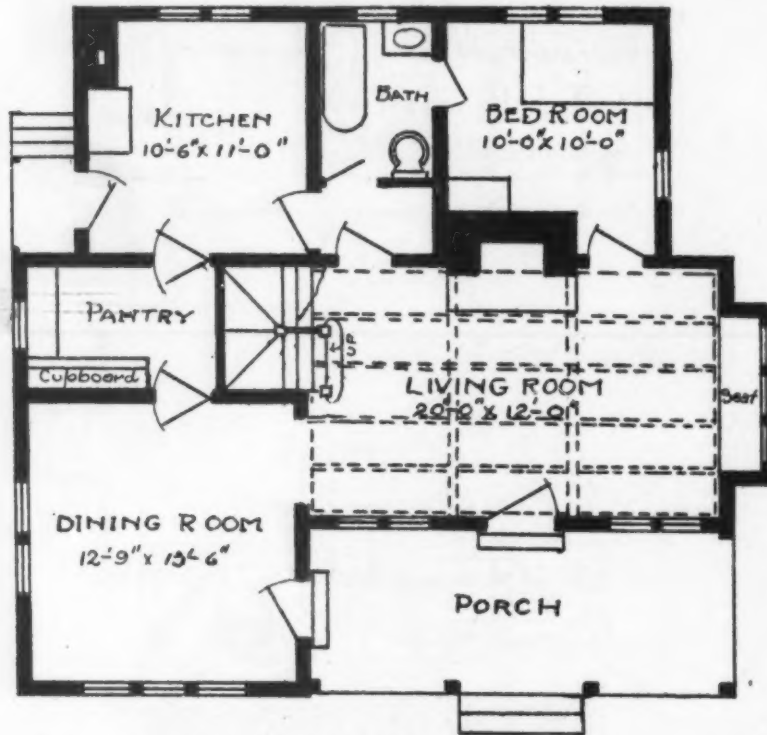
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER IXA

if only a portion of the area were excavated.

THE Craftsman House, Number IXA, is designed as a city or suburban dwelling for a family of four or five persons.

As planned, this house should not exceed the cost of \$1,400, if it be built with

The exterior shows interesting proportions and placing of side wall and roof; the main roof being a "hip" having sharply sloping sides, and pierced by dormers and small counter-gables. Walls and roof are shingle-covered: the walls stained to a



Craftsman House, Number IXA, Series of 1904. Plan of first floor

care as to details and as to the use of material. The ground area covered by it is approximately thirty-three by thirty-five feet, and the cellar extending under the entire building contains the furnace, and thus prevents the dampness which might ensue,

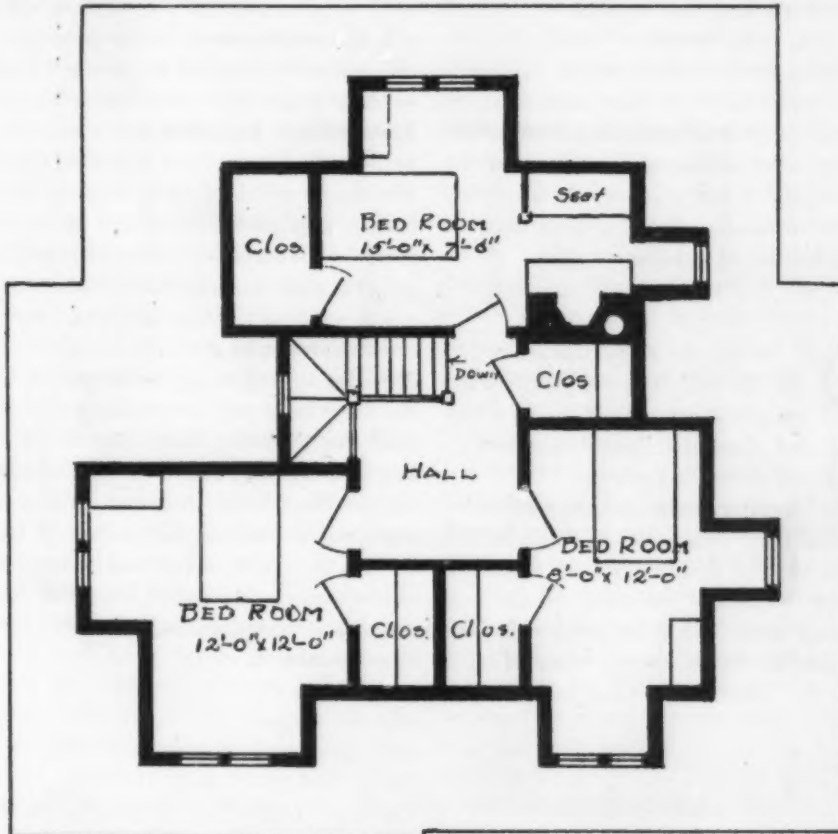
light shade of brown, and the roof left to "weather." The foundation and chimneys are of boulders and of cobbles gathered from the fields and laid in cement, which lends its color effectively to that of the stone. A roomy porch is provided by the

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projection of the main roof, and, from the porch, doors with sashes give access to the principal rooms of the ground floor.

Passing into the living room, which has an area of twelve by twenty-six feet, we

bay having three sashes, and by double windows giving on to the porch at either side of the entrance. The plaster of the walls is left rough, under the float, and paneled by inch strips set against it; the plaster



Craftsman House, Number 1Xa, Series of 1904. Plan of second floor

find opposite the entrance a wide fire-place of the same stone as is used for the exterior, with a wooden shelf, and a hearth of split cobbles, which are laid in a cement darkened beyond its natural color. To the left of the fire-place a staircase leads to the second floor, and the room is amply lighted from a

receiving a green stain of medium tone and the strips a somewhat darker color.

Generous measures for comfort are made by the size of the fire-place, which provides warmth for the living, dining and bedroom; while another agreeable feature exists in

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the wide window of the bay opposite the staircase.

The ground-floor bedroom, intended for a man occupant, is finished like the living room, as is also the dining room, except that in the latter instance the walls are stained to a rich, warm brown.

Throughout the first story, the floors are of white maple, laid in strips from six to eight inches wide and left without finish. It may be added that the woodwork of the kitchen and the pantry differs from that of the remainder of the ground floor in being finished with shellac.

ON the second story the rooms, as may be read from the plan, are arranged about a central hall, which is well and pleasantly lighted from a window placed above the staircase.

The sleeping rooms are attractive by reason of their irregularity of shape, caused by the bays of the dormers, the angles of the side walls, and the pitch of the low, sweeping roof. They are finished in lath and plaster; the woodwork being of pine

treated with white shellac, and the walls having a wide baseboard, with above paper hangings in designs of gay stripes and flower *motifs*.

The furnishings of the house demand a word of comment. They must be simple and unconventional, in order to concur in the general scheme of the house. They should include willow chairs and settles with flowered-linen cushions, and even rustic, home-made pieces. The curtains for the first floor may be of linen showing at the bottom applied bands of dull red; while those for the second story should be restricted to the most inexpensive of muslin fabrics.

For artificial lighting lamps and candles are alone used; long candles set in tall candlesticks, serving singly or in groups, and one large lamp with a spreading Japanese shade for the living room. By this means as well as by other accents of individuality, this dwelling, better characterized as a cottage, can be made so distinctive and artistic that the luxury of cost will be forgotten in the harmony created by structural lines, concordant colors and a strict observance of proportion in all things.

CHIPS

CHIPS FROM THE CRAFTSMAN WORKSHOP

THE Craftsman, in view of the fast shortening days and the coming storms of autumn, takes advantage of all spare hours of brightness to walk abroad among his fellows. He rarely chooses what would be termed paths of pleasantness. Indeed, he avoids the imposing residential avenues, and the streets lined with brilliant shops. Books, periodicals and his own impulse have long directed his thought toward questions of civic and social improvement. For that reason, he seeks the poorer quarters, that he may observe those who have been well-named, "Americans in process." In such localities, he believes, lies the real missionary field of the new century and he interests himself in trying to discover its possibilities of culture. His opportunities for observation and judgment are far more ample than they might be supposed, for his city, as a small focus of commerce and industry, draws its working population from the emigrants and the children of emigrants of widely differing nationalities and classes. These thousands of individuals on the one hand, the municipality on the other, combine in a problem of the most serious and vital nature. It is a "struggle for existence" involving both corporate and individual life. As at present constituted, these colonies of Hebrews, Italians and Slavs, sharply defined as to *habitat*, are—all figures of speech aside—extensive areas of foreign and diseased tissue invading and infecting with great rapidity the body municipal. Always dangerous, these elements are particularly so at the present

moment, by reason of labor troubles, the approaching presidential contest and the war in steamship rates. These foreigners have come from the places of their birth seeking happier conditions, but, all unconsciously, they have brought with them, or are preparing for themselves in their new homes the very evils from which they have fled. In a minor American city they suffer from crowded tenements and dirt, from superstition and ignorance, almost to the same degree that they did in Sicily, Russia, Poland, or East Hungary. They fall a prey to the malicious and astute of their own nationalities, who have acquired the rights of citizenship simply to pervert them; who mediate between the American employer and the newly arrived laborer with no interest but to enrich themselves by idleness and easy fraud.

Such have been the thoughts of the Craftsman as he has latterly and often threaded his way through quarters where "jargon" or dialects have met his ears, pitiable or vicious faces his eyes, and reeking odors his nostrils: wretched quarters which yet constitute the riches actual and prospective of the political "boss," the landlord and the brewer, a triumvirate united in a hellish war against collective and individual life.

This misery has become an obsession with the Craftsman. Humble as he is, he does not hesitate to lift his voice, or to stretch out his hand in an effort to arrest its progress, since he realizes that the sailor in the "crow's nest" may save a great vessel from wreck, or a child sound the alarm that shall preserve a rich warehouse, or a splendid mansion from burning. The thought has been borne in upon the solitary thinker

THE CRAFTSMAN

that the city must save its corporate life, now so narrowly threatened, by the healthy, progressive development of each of its members, however insignificant, just as the individual maintains his health and improves his physique by the constant exercise of each one of his natural instruments.

The great sanifying work, as it appears to the Craftsman, is to be addressed especially to the children, since through their persuasiveness the hardened ways of their elders will be modified, and the impulse given to their vigorous life will react upon their surroundings with a cleansing and vivifying power like that of the sun's rays.

How best to accomplish the work, it further seems to our observer, is to be learned from the children themselves. They have only to be studied and they will be found to demand vehemently, although unconsciously, beauty, cleanliness, and contact with Nature; three privileges which can alone render material life tolerable. Their demands have all the pathos of simplicity and honesty. They may be heard on all sides by the attentive ear. Many of them touch the Craftsman to the heart, as, for example, a recent experience of himself and a woman friend who, on that day, was his "slumming" companion. The way was narrow. An uneven pavement, feeding chickens, and tall weeds impeded the progress of the visitors, when suddenly the friend felt herself hindered by a new obstacle. She looked down and into two brilliant child—almost infant—faces, the one fair, the other dark. The owner of the latter, with Italian emphasis and gesture, dominated the blond and smaller child, and both besought with baby indistinctiveness of utterance: "Let me smell of you," suiting the action to the

word and trying to embrace the visitor. She, astonished at the question, made the children repeat their wish, after which the leader, in a burst of disappointment, cried: "Don't you wear perfume, like other clean ladies?"

The visitor quickly understood that her thin, white, freshly laundered shirt-waist had attracted these mites of humanity who, as to their hands, faces and frocks, were literally encrusted with dirt. But in spite of their wretchedness, they showed a fine sense of associated ideas, and the passion for cleanliness and refinement which, alas, the slums would soon stifle, together with their other heaven-derived instincts. Thus clearly it was proven to the Craftsman that the necessities, the vital interests of these children of the "dangerous classes" and of the municipality are the same, and inseparable from one another; that the body corporate and the unspoiled individual cry out alike bitterly for the effacement of the slum.

"The children are powerless," reasoned the Craftsman, "but must it be said that the City with the ideal of civilization and companionship for which it stands, is a willing victim?"

On another recent and beautiful day, the Craftsman sat resting in a park near his workshop. At the end of the bench on which he was seated, he remarked a little Jewish girl, anaemic and evidently what the specialists term "a neurotic subject," like too many of the young children of her race. She was tending her baby brother, but she seemed much more interested in the electric cars, as they passed from the center of the city upon their outward trips. She was restless, excited, and at last ven-

CHIPS

tured to speak, when she saw that her neighbor was not unfriendly. "Are there picnics to-day?" she questioned, and then began to comment upon her own query: "Yesterday, there was a vacation-school excursion. All the children from my street took lunches and went away into the country, but my mother wouldn't let me go. She is away to-day, and so I brought the baby here. I don't see what difference it makes to her. Anyway, I'll go back before it's time for her to come."

Here again was a healthy natural impulse manifested in the child, which would cease to stir in the adult. The mother was wonted to the Ghetto. Its sordid obscurity, its tenements spaced one behind the other with no apology for street lines, fulfilled all the requirements of the home which she had known under European tyranny and persecution. It was a place where the Sabbath candles could be lighted and the unleavened bread eaten, far from the curious eyes of Christians. Provided the ritual was fulfilled and the companionship of her kind assured, all other considerations were to her as nothing. But the child, as yet unfixed in these narrow, devitalized limits, demanded contact with Nature, which she obtained by stealth when liberty of action was denied her.

Here again, as in the first case, was the same correspondence of wants between the body corporate and the individual. Each American municipality, through the mouths of the children of the poor—that is, the class which should be the object of the greatest solicitude—demands the services of a Haussmann, a Shaftesbury, or an Olmsted to minimize by space-plan the possibilities for crime and disease, to create that beauty

without which life is intolerable, and to ruralize thickly populated areas, until the meaning shall be removed from Cowper's saying, that "God made the country and man the town."

NOTES

WITH the issue for October, 1904, The Craftsman will enter upon its fourth year of existence. In common with all enterprises of its kind, its infancy has been threatened by ills both internal and external. But it is now believed by its sponsors that it has safely passed through the dangerous period, and that it is now passing into a healthy and vigorous youth.

Its anniversary number will appear under a new form in which all mechanical and artistic considerations, such as those of paper, printing and illustrations will receive even greater attention than has before been given them.

Its contents will be made to embrace a wider field, while the principles for which it has always stood will remain unchanged. It will continue, in the same strong terms as ever, to advocate plain living and high thinking; the "integral education involving the simultaneous training of the brain and the hand"; civic improvement and the new movement in municipal art; simplicity in domestic architecture and decoration. As a new and special feature it will present a series of sketches—critical rather than biographical—of certain men of our own times who have typified or now represent all that is implied in the title of "the simple life." This series will begin with a tribute

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to the late Rt. Reverend Frederick D. Huntington, bishop of Central New York, and will be continued in the November number by original notes upon Charles Wagner, the Protestant pastor of Paris.

At the present moment the Editors of *The Craftsman* feel amply repaid for the honest and continued effort which they have made to further the propagation of their sincere beliefs, and they begin the new period of their labor with gratitude for public recognition and with the certain hope of real success, which lies in purity of purpose and unflinching devotion to important issues.

Among the subjects with which the new *Craftsman* will treat at length and as ably as may be, is the active American movement toward the mural decoration of public buildings. This subject, in its various phases, is important from several distinct points of view. It is not of artistic interest alone, and educative to that degree only. But it involves other considerations and those of the highest moment, since it may be made the incentive toward good citizenship and patriotism. Lessons drawn from foreign towns, like the practically city-republics of Belgium, will be presented to the readers of the Magazine, and attention drawn to the eloquent fact that these municipal governments are now peopling the walls of the restored town- and guild-halls with the portraits of the personages who are responsible for the fame and wealth of their descendants. To further a similar movement in the United States, strictly in accordance with American traditions, is the earnest desire of the Editors of the *Craftsman* and to that end every effort will be

made by them. In pursuance of this policy ample illustrations will soon be presented of the new Flower Library at Watertown, N. Y., and successively of other mural decorations in public buildings situated at various points of the country.

Mr. Charles Mulford Robinson, favorably known to both critics and public for his excellent work upon "Modern Municipal Art," has more recently written for the *Atlantic Monthly* (July, 1904), an article deserving wide reading, upon the "Artistic Possibilities of Advertising." To this subject he has given careful, intelligent attention, and among the notes for his studies is found the appended description of a series of posters designed for the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, by the Parisian artist, M. Mucha, whose work has been illustrated several times in *The Craftsman*, in articles translated from the French of M. P.-Verneuil.

Regarding these very striking posters Mr. Robinson says:

"The artist, appropriately for a 'star' announcement, adopts for each design a single full length figure: the actress in the costume of her part, with the play named at the top and the theatre at the bottom of the poster. 'Hamlet' shows the 'melancholy Dane' in dark robes, against a background which is golden from the waist down and above is of green in gusty swirls, with storm-blues behind it; so putting in relief the bare head and yellow hair. The panel is rounded at the top by a band of highly colored twists of red, green, or yellow, and where the golden background changes to the green, there is, in bracket fashion, a

BOOK REVIEWS

delightful decoration in bronze. But the eye, whatever details observed, never forgets the Figure: the fine head turned half away, the eyes gazing far, the lips compressed, the hands clasped at the level of the throat on the hilt of a naked sword which gleams white against the robes. Between the Figure and the lettering below, there is a band, like a narrow frieze. Here, all in steely blue, as if a half-indefinite vision of the memory, lies the dead queen, her arms crossed upon her bosom, which is heaped with flowers. The character of the play, its very mystery, is depicted.

"Lack of space forbids me to describe the other posters. The most beautiful is 'Gismonda.' This one word, across the top, is in blue on a background of small mosaic, in letters that would glorify a church window. The whole design is well fitted for stained glass, and the pose of the figure is pre-Raphaelite. Stoles hang from the shoulders to the feet, and the right hand holds a branch of palm, the base of which is on the ground. The face is very beautiful and the hair full of flowers. The name of the theatre, in blue below, balances the word 'Gismonda' above, and the only other lettering puts 'Bernhardt' in a band of gold above the figure's head.

"'La Dame aux Camélias' shows the actress in more familiar guise, even to the tawny hair, and dresses her in white. In 'Lorenzaccio,' the figure—dark again, as in 'Hamlet,'—is in a swirl; 'Médée' shows her grewsome, with blood-tipped dagger and frightened eyes, and the body of her victim prostrate at her feet. Here, the name of the actress is at the side, in letters of solid gilt upon the white of the paper. Again, in 'La Tosca,' there is gold decoration on the

ivory paper; but now she wears a narrow trailing gown, and a picture-hat of black, while flowers fill her arms.

"When poster art is thus developed—and note, O advertisers, that the directness of the message is even enhanced by the beauty of the expression—billboards will have fewer enemies."

BOOK REVIEWS

"THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY GRAIL," as set forth in the frieze painted by Edwin A. Abbey for the Boston Public Library.

With description and interpretation by Sylvester Baxter." This small volume is a refined, spiritual appreciation of Mr. Abbey's frieze of the "Quest of the Holy Grail." It will meet the needs and the approbation of the majority of the visitors to the Boston Public Library, because, while dealing with artistic problems of space and composition, it is not written in strictly technical terms. It is addressed to those who require instruction, rather than to those who are capable of forming opinions for themselves.

In beginning, Mr. Baxter satisfactorily answers a question often asked as to why the legend of the Holy Grail was chosen as the subject for the decoration of that particular part of the great Library. He thus writes: "The artist, it seems, first had another subject in contemplation, and the idea of the Holy Grail grew into his mind and possessed itself of him in consequence of his researches in relation to the theme first suggested. His original purpose was to depict in a series of symbolic panels 'The Sources of Modern Literature,' just as Mr.

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Sargent had chosen 'The Sources of the Christian Religion' for his theme. While investigating the subject and searching for material, Mr. Abbey became more and more impressed with the legend of the Holy Grail, as offering a motive peculiarly adapted to his ends. This legend appears to have inspired the oldest aspects of literary expression in the period of European literary development that succeeded the classic. It impressed itself deeply upon the literature of France, of Germany, and of England, and in English literature its associations went back to the Celtic period. Not only does it take a high place among the sources of modern letters, but it is so rich in imaginative material that its motives have inspired much of the best of English poetry in the nineteenth century. Another advantage of the legend was the fact that it was practically virgin ground for the artist. No other painter or illustrator—at least in any work of note—had made use of the rich material which it afforded. Mr. Abbey was therefore the first to choose the story of the Grail as the inspiration for an important decorative work." From this quotation it will be seen that literary explanation is made a pronounced feature of the work, and that the small book will be a useful companion for the multitudes who approach the frieze with confused ideas of its theme, and lacking knowledge of decorative art, archaeology and Christian symbolism. It will also prove of much assistance to those who, unable to see the original, yet wish to gain acquaintance with one of the most dignified works yet produced by an American mural painter. [Boston, published by Curtis & Cameron; price \$1.50.]

"THE WOOD-CARVER OF 'LYMPUS'". The scene of this story is laid in the Green Mountains of Vermont, and is pictured as only the inhabitant and lover of a special region can do. Nature, occupations peculiar to the place, the thousand and one little details which, being skilfully combined, compose a rich palette of local color, are here offered with an "art that conceals art." The narrative has the quality of a real record of life. It is humorous, pathetic, and without exaggeration. The characters are all interesting, but especially so are those who represent strong New England types: such as we have all seen fighting against hard conditions and quite unconscious of their own heroism. "Uncle Shim" and "Aunt Lize" hold the interest of the reader quite as effectually as "David Harum" could do on first acquaintance, although they are of far sterner stuff than the rural New Yorker; comparing with him much as the cold, sharply-defined New England landscape compares with the smiling fertility of the scene of the earlier story. It must be acknowledged, too, that the humble couple who suffer and make sacrifices without murmuring, who will not compromise with evil, or wrong their own consciences, are far more noble and better to study than the clever, homely philosopher whose perversion of the golden rule has passed through so many editions and is often yet quoted alike in print and in speech. In this exceptionally well-written and well-constructed book, three scenes are especially remarkable: the interview of "Aunt Lize" with the Methodist evangelist; the arraignment of Twiddie for idleness and falsehood, after her reading of Miss Alcott's "Little Women;" and the quarrel-scene in which acknowledgment is

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made of Twiddle's parentage. As a piece of artistic writing, whether considered as description, dialogue, or drama, the book has few equals in recent American fiction, and it is further valuable as teaching that manual employment, if intelligently pursued, produces mental health and affords a sure foundation for "integral education." A word must be given to the cover design, which introduces the larch bearing its fruits and the classic head of a Fate, together with a legend quoted from the Eclogues of Virgil, and here slightly misapplied. The sentence, as originally used, referred to the restoration of the farm from which the young poet had been evicted by the lawless soldiery returning from Mark Antony's war in the East. It stands: "A god has given us this ease (or life of leisure):" the god plainly indicating the young Augustus who had become supreme in Rome. Therefore, it would seem inappropriate to read into this purely pastoral and pagan verse a Christian meaning, although this has been done before, as when Sir John Eliot scratched it on the walls of his cell in the Tower of London; expressing in this way his thankfulness for leisure in which to study and meditate. [The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus, by M. E. Waller; Boston, Little, Brown & Company; 311 pages; 12mo; price \$1.50.]

"THE ILLUSTRATORS OF MONTMARTRE," by Frank L. Emmanuel. This is one of the Langham series of small art monographs, dealing with subjects of interest not commonly treated. The present volume should be possessed by every young illustrator, who can gain from it ideas of style and technique not to be found elsewhere. The notes upon the three French artists in poster and news-

paper work best known in America—Steinlen, Forain, Caran d'Ache—are full of interest to students, and the book has a subtle Parisian flavor which is at once recognized by the initiate. This is indeed a rare and unexpected quality in an English writer, who, in this case, while acknowledging the deep channel fixed, not only by Nature, but also by racial separation, between the French and the English, looks beyond his own island with appreciation and sympathy. Montmartre, for those who know *la Ville Lumière*, is a name to be conjured with, and this little book evokes the choicest spirits of the quarter. It is to be regretted that the text of the work fell into the hands of a careless proof-reader, whose incorrect accents and genders mar the beauty of the printed page. [The Illustrators of Montmartre, by Frank L. Emmanuel; New York: imported by Charles Scribner's Sons; price \$1.00.]

"THE HISTORY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY IN CARICATURE," by Arthur Bartlett Maurice and Frederic Taber Cooper. This will prove a fascinating book to all who are interested in the meaning of history. It presents the very essence of events expressed by master hands. It holds the attention by means of the mingled sarcasm and pathos which run through its pages, causing the one who examines the overcharged drawings to hesitate between smiles and tears. The text of the book is enlightening and agreeable; offering no dry, crude, tabulated statements, as is too often the case with art handbooks compiled according to historical methods. Instead, it traces the evolution of caricature by pertinent references and examples, giving Lafontaine the

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high place which belongs to him, and recognizing Hogarth as the father of English caricature, although acknowledging that the best work of this artist was done on the social, rather than the political side. The contents of the work are extensive: beginning with the Napoleonic era, and treating the great international contests of the nineteenth century: such as the Crimean, American Civil, Franco-Prussian, Spanish-American and Boer Wars and the Dreyfus case. The drawings, beside their grim humor, present many times, as in a mirror, the real meaning of an event as totally different from its accepted one. They show also that historical perspective is needed for the proper judgment of persons and things, that posterity is the final and most equitable court of appeal; a notable instance of contemporary shortsightedness being shown in a caricature of George Third, as a giant in the Windsor uniform, examining through opera-glass a pygmy Napoleon whom he holds on his outstretched left hand. Be-

neath the drawing appears Thackeray's comment: "Our fathers chose to set up George as the type of a great king, and the little Gulliver was the great Napoleon." [New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; profusely illustrated; price \$2.50.]

"THE MASQUE OF MAY MORNING," by W. Graham Robertson, is a slight, loosely constructed dramatic composition in the Elizabethan form. Spring flowers serve as the personages of the play, and the verses attributed to them are musical and refined. The illustrations are lighted with the purple and green of impressionism, and although "quite English," are not wanting in the *art nouveau* line. The book, as to both literature and drawings, is well adapted for a gift to a child which may serve as a means of education. [A Masque of May Morning, by W. Graham Robertson, with twelve designs by the author. John Lane, The Bodley Head, London, and New York. Price \$1.50.]

